Polyhedron

NEWSZINE

58

MARCH-APRIL

RPGA NETWORK

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Classifieds

California I'm looking for a group of gamers or a gaming club in the Long Beach area. I play the AD&D® game and I am also willing to learn others. If there are any gamers out there please contact: Michael Mendoza, 3520 Long Beach Blvd. Apt 215, Long Beach, CA 90807 or call 213-591-5117 between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Georgia I am an AD&D game player who has not gamed in three years for various reasons. Now I wish to form a group of dedicated AD&D game players who will steadfastly game at least once a month. Players must be at least 21 years of age. I am not interested in players who can only game infrequently. Megalomaniacs, smokers, male chauvinists, bigots, people into the dark occult, players who prefer evil and chaotic neutral alignments, people who like party infighting, and persons who enjoy putting people down when they make mistakes NEED NOT APPLY. Gamers should live in the Atlanta area and be willing to game on the south side while the group is forming. I am 27 years old and I started gaming in 1980. Contact: Frank Agueli, P.O. Box 722, Ellenwood, GA 30049-0722.

Indiana I am an 18-year-old male player desperately seeking a DM and playing group or Network club. I'm familiar with both versions of the AD&D game and interested in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ fantasy setting. I'd like to look into the DRAGONLANCE™ setting and the SPELLJAMMER™ game. I have been playing for a little over a year. I've read the Cyberpunk rules and would like to play. I'm willing to try new games. I'm also seeking information and ideas on bards. Please write: Aaron Pinney, 1801 Sheridan Ave. Apt, 2, Whiting, IN 46394, or call 219-659-6843.

Iowa I'm a 15-year-old male seeking DMs and players for the D&D® game near Ames. I am also interested in being taught other systems. Please call 515-232-2754 or write: John Harp, 2214 Clark, Ames, IA 50010.

Kentucky I'm a 27-year-old gamer who has recently moved to Kentucky and I'm having trouble finding other players. I currently have most RPGs produced by TSR, Inc. and Toon, GURPS, Hero, and the Palladium role-playing system. I'm willing to learn new games and DM as needed. Please contact: Douglas M. Burck, Rural Route #1, Box 226, Boyd, KY 41003. (The road I live on is too small to be found on a state map, but often is called the Boyd-Morgan road because it links Boyd and Morgan.)

Michigan I would like to find or start a serious gaming group in the Flint area. I'm interested in the AD&D game, D&D game, MARVEL SUPER HEROES game, Shadowrun, Battletech, and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Please call 313-659-1217 after 3 p.m. weekdays, noon weekends, or write: David C. Kubanek Jr., 7502 W. Coldwater Rd., Flushing, MI 48433.

Michigan Fairly experienced game master seeks players. My group meets every other weekend. We play the AD&D game and occasionally Call of Cthulhu. Please call Mike Seaton at 313-285-5453, weekdays after 4 p.m. Don't hesitate; all ages acceptable.

Pennsylvania Any groups need another AD&D game or D&D game player? Or, let's start a mature gaming group. I also am interested in pen pals from the U.S. or overseas. I have been playing for about 10 years and occasionally have been a DM. Please write: S. Christian, P.O. Box 233, Dubois, PA 15801.

General Wanted: Out-of-print POLYHEDRON™ Newszines. Please write with issue numbers and prices. Wayne Straiton, 29 Saw Mill Rd., New Fairfield, CT 06812.

General For Sale: Books for both versions of the AD&D game. I would be willing to trade these for wargaming miniatures. Contact: Michael Buck, 11 Cottage St., Norway, ME 04268.

General Join F.O.G.G. (Furtive Order of Garrulous Gamers). We are a group of gamers who thrive on sharing ideas and opinions on games such as the original AD&D Game, MERP, and Call of Cthulhu. If you have a pen, paper, and an imagination, then you can join. For more information write: F.O.G.G., 639 Harrison Ave., Beloit, WI 53511.

General Join Dragonslayers Unlimited. Be a part of a unique and growing Network Club. We publish our own bimonthly newsletter using member submissions, and have several club projects underway. Several club members offer a diverse selection of play-by-mail games for the membership. To preview our newsletter send $2.00 to: Richard Emerich, Chain-Mail Editor, 51 Sagamore Trail, New Canaan, CT 06840-6027. To join Dragonslayers Unlimited send $12.00 to: William Brierton, c/o Dragonslayers Unlimited, 3709 Pecan Ct., Waldorf, MD 20602.

General A 16-year-old, male AD&D game/fantasy freak looking for pen pals. Saku Mantere, Sarsantie 4, 00920 Helsinki, Finland.

General Attention Eric Holmberg. I am at times an absent-minded judge when it comes to tournaments. As a result, I am still in possession of the 3rd place gift certificate you earned in my Marvel Super Heroes Game tournament at GEN CON® Game Fair. Please contact: Kathy York, 721 Montvale Rd., Maryville, TN 37801. I'll forward the prize ASAP when I hear from you.

General I'm looking for play-by-mail gamers. I run the AD&D game in various settings. I prefer to start 1st level characters and take then through the "teens." Send me three different characters each with a complete description and I will choose one and place it in a campaign—characters with average statistics have the best chance for selection. If you run a PBM game, I'd be happy to play in it. Write: R.H. Walker, P.O. Box 1051, Ehrenberg, AZ 85334.

General The FITS Society has reformed! Subscriptions to our quarterly newsletter, AERODROME cost $8 a year and include membership. The AERODROME includes articles on the DAWN PATROL® Game, new rules, historical information, and reports of convention tournaments and PBM games. Write: Randy Gaulke, 369 Margaret Terrace, Cary, IL 60013.

General For Sale: A large selection of RPGs, modules, magazines, etc. Write: Ryan Staake, 7465 Cement City Rd., Brooklyn, MI 49230, or call 517-592-8417.

About the Cover

This man calls himself Harlequin, and that is not makeup on his face. His pies are extraordinary, but don't sample his wares! Art by Andrew Ellis.

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Polyhedron™ NEWSZINE

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Issue #58, March, 1991

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Notes From HQ

Tournament Authors, Judges, And The Game Fair

If this is your first issue, welcome to the world's biggest and best gaming organization. The RPGA™ Network has many activities in store for you this year—our 11th in operation. We're certain you'll have a good time.

Among the things coming up are monthly Newszines, beginning with our next issue! We'd like to hear what you think of the Newszine, which columns you like best, which you pass over and why. We can't provide the type of game-related material you want if you don't tell us what you want. We'll print some of your responses in the letters column.

New Tournaments For The Game Fair

Because our annual Living City tournament at the GEN CON® game fair is so popular, we're offering two—one for third level characters and above, and another for first and second level characters. This will give many of you a chance to start new characters and compete in two Living City events.

Another first is our revamped DM event. For the past several years this tournament has been offered for people who are judging events at the Game Fair and for those Network members who are ranked as judges. These people *played* in the tournament.

No more! Now they'll DM the event. Here's how it will work: Instead of a team of six players, there will be a team of six DMs. These stalwart participants will be ushered to their seats in Bruce Hall, and a referee will come by with the scenario. Each DM will have one half hour to display his or her DMing skills using a never-before-seen scenario, then passing it to the next DM. More details will be available closer to the Game Fair. We think it will be a great event.

The AD&D® Game Open

I have some sad news to relate. Members who competed in the 1990 AD&D game open will not receive points.

This is because the paperwork turned in from the event was so absymal we finally gave up trying to decipher it. A group from the PM Players RPGA Network club of Chicago even tried to help straighten the mess out. In the end, we could not figure out who played on what teams, or DMed for who. We only had complete information on a few of the teams participating. Much of the paperwork was filled out incorrectly; some score sheets were only partially completed—with the DMs' names only, no players were listed; and some score sheets weren't filled out at all.

We apologize to those Network members who took part in the event.

The Network also promises that this will not happen again. Next year's AD&D Game Open is under new management that promises to return all score sheets correctly completed. The Network has confidence in these individuals, who recognize the importance of the Network's ranking system.

We encourage you to take part in this coming year's AD&D Game Open, which is written by veteran Network tournament author Tom Prusa.

Tournaments From Connecticut

I often hear how the midwest is the hotbed of gaming activity because of the number of conventions.

I'll agree there are plenty of conventions in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and neighboring states. However, the east and northeast states have been holding an increasing number of conventions. For example, this spring there are about a half-dozen conventions in as many weekends—and all within driving distance of each other.

Also, an increasing number of RPGA Network tournaments are being written by members from the east and northeast, and they are to be commended.

When I attended Council of Five Nations in Schenectedy, NY, last fall, Regional Director Willie Burger and Network Advisory Committee Member Wayne Straiton, both of Connecticut, presented me with an armload of scenarios. Their convention, ConnCon, which is held annually in early April, ran a tournament writing contest; the armload was the results. Getting the tournaments in my suitcase was difficult, but it was a welcome struggle. Primarily because of their contest, ConnCon hopes to offer about a dozen brand new RPGA Network events this year. And Willie and Wayne weren't the only people to present me with scenarios in New York.

Other convention staff members might want to consider tournament writing competitions as a vehicle to get new events for their conventions.

More Discounts

The Toy Soldier of Massassachusetts is extending a 10% discount to all RPGA Network members. The Toy Soldier offers a mail order business in addition to sales from its store. For more information write: The Toy Soldier, P.O. Box 501, West Newbury, MA, 01985.

Other companies offering the discount include: TSR, Inc.'s Mail Order Hobby Shop, TSR, Ltd's European mail order department, Jedko of Australia's mail order department, 54°40″ Orphyte based in Chicago, and White Wolf (formerly Lion Rampant).

As the Network's Retail Program gets into full swing, we will present the names as addresses of RPGA Network Retailers, some of which also will offer discounts to Network members.

Thanks From Winter Fantasy

The Network's own Winter Fantasy Game Convention offered a plethora of new tournaments that entertained the many convention goers.

Network HQ extends thanks to Norm Ritchie and Regional Director Linda Bingle for handling all the convention's pre-registration materials, badges, and rendering other valuable aid.

Take Care,

Jean

❑

Letters

Placing the Gamers' Decathlon

The Gamers' Decathlon is a year-long series of 10 competitive events for Network clubs. Decathlon events include convention tournaments, writing contests, and non-gaming events such as skit competitions.

Why is it that all the members responsible for making recommendations to HQ about Gamers' Decathlon events—where to place them, etc.—are from the midwest or the north? We southern folks like gaming, too!

In fact, two *very* large gaming cons are held in the south each year: Dragoncon and Magnum Opus Con. It is already a major undertaking and expense for most of us to attend the GEN CON® game fair, as we have to car pool or caravan up there, pay hefty hotel bills, and take time off work. This year's Decathlon features events at Winter Fantasy (midwest), Ghengis Kahn (far west, at least to us), ConnCon (north), Glathricon (midwest) and two events at the GEN CON game fair. The remaining four events (create a spell, create characters, Living City neighbors, and create a tournament) are all stay-at-homes. Now, I am well aware that the midwest has the most role-players, but why not give us a break and start scheduling some (one?) decathlon events in our backyard? (Don't worry, we promise we won't take our toys and go home.)

After all, we members of the ARC (Atlantic Region Convention) Fellowship became Network members because all of us attend the southern conventions. We really enjoy seeing one another and look forward to attending conventions to see old friends and meet new people. We would love to add new members to ARC, and to meet other Network club people. We'd particularly like more chances to game with fellow Network members.

Nicky Rea, President ARC Fellowship
Asheville, NC

No one "advised" HQ about what events would make up the 1991 Gamers' Decathlon. The members' advisory committee picked them all. The committee will continue to designate events for the decathlon in the future. While choosing conventions to host decathlon events, the committee tried to consider geography (Ghengis Kahn in Denver, CO might seem like the far west to you, but it's pretty far east for members in California. Likewise Glathricon in Evansville, IN, just a stone's throw from the Kentucky state line, is a southern convention by most definitions.) In the end, however, the committee was forced to schedule events at conventions that it knew *were both willing and capable of handling the job. Perhaps there will be a better geographic distribution of decathlon events in the future if members and convention organizers let the committee know which groups can and will host the events. Or perhaps the committee will decide that it is more fair to have as few decathlon events at conventions as possible. Members can write the committee care of Network HQ.*

By the way, the inaugural members of the committee (Don Bingle, Keith Polster, John Nephew, Wayne Straiton, Bob Etheridge, and Randall Lemon) were selected from nominations submitted by our regional directors and club members. Only people who received multiple nominations were selected. This year, there will be two vacancies on the committee—Don Bingle's and John Nephew's terms end in August—and the original nomination process will be used to choose their replacements (the two gentlemen are *eligible to serve again). Here at HQ, we feel this is the best way to get nominations from the widest possible variety of members without turning the entire process into one vast popularity contest. (The committee agrees, they chose to select replacement members this way.) Each club can nominate one Network member (not necessarily a member of their own club); each regional director can nominate two different members. All nominations must be in writing and must be postmarked by June 1st, 1991. So, get your club officers busy working on nominations. If you don't belong to a Network club, consider joining one or suggest a nominee to your regional director. A list of regional directors appears in this issue of the Newszine.*

Finally, a note to all you non-southerners out there: consider adding one of the large southern conventions to your convention schedule—it should be worth the trip. ❑

POLYHEDRON™ Newszine (the official newsletter of TSR Inc.'s ROLE PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION™ Network) is published bi-monthly by TSR, Inc. The mailing address for all correspondence is: P.O. Box 515, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. Telephone: (414)248-3625.

POLYHEDRON Newszine is mailed free to all RPGA™ Network members. US membership rates are $15 per year (bulk mail delivery only); Canadian rates are $22; foreign rates are $25 per year (surface mail) or $45 per year (air mail). All prices are subject to change without notice. Changes of address for the delivery of membership materials must be received at least 30 days prior to the effective date of the change to ensure uninterrupted delivery.

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The New Rogues Gallery

Winning Characters and Critters

by Tim Beach, Wes Nicholson, and Jason Exum

In the spring of 1990 the Newszine ran a contest to create personalities for the characters pictured on the cover of issue #52. The illustration, rendered by James Holloway, is reprinted here. Okay, we admit that we're way overdue running the winners, but we kept waiting, hoping to combine them with other Rogues Gallery submissions for the same game systems. That never proved practical, so here are the winners—late, but great. Other entries may appear in future issues.

Each winner receives five pewter miniatures from Ral Partha.

First Place, Katrina and Falbis

This pair can be used in GAMMA WORLD® game campaigns. They were created by Tim Beach of Maryville, MO.

T'ser Katrina (Nysho)

Female Mutated Wolf

Rank: 16
Tech Level: I
Status: 5

PS 15 +1 CS to hit with physical weapon
DX 11
CN 14 +1 negative RS on poison/radiation
MS 17 +2 when attacked mentally
IN 16 +2 on artifact examination
CH 15 +1 CS on reactions

Land Speed: 18
Morale: 20
Age: 26
Height: 1.7 meters at shoulder
Weight: 412 kilograms
Hit Points: 128

Mutations: Modified body parts—pineal eye (MS 9), mane of bristles (MS 9), poison generation—paralysis (MS 9), heightened sense of smell (MS 11), dual brain (MS 8), mental telepathy (MS 8), genius capability—military (MS 8), mental manipulation* (MS 11), genius capability—sociological (MS 10), mass mind (MS 7), devolution (MS 8), absorbption—sound (MS 6)
Talents and Skills: Bargaining, bluffing, command, diplomacy, read and write I and II
Armor Class: Thick hair, AC 1, absorbs 5 points per round.
Attacks: 1 bite (Attack Rank 8, DM = 5 plus poison)

* New mutation, see end of entry

Katrina is an Elite of the Friends of Entropy, the Red Death. "T'ser," which means "she who is master," is her title, and she demands other members of the Red Death address her by that name. She hides her intelligence and abilities by pretending to be nothing more than a mount for Falbis, her "pet."

In addition to her typical Red Death activities, such as destroying Healers, Robots, and Androids, she works to build a loyal force in the heart of the Midwestern region controlled by the Ranks of the Fit. Her goal is to eliminate Bonapartist control and then disband her own force, leaving the area in anarchy.

Katrina discovered—and named—Falbis Tyen three years ago. After earning his trust, she persuaded him to take part in her heinous plans. She uses her *mental manipulation* to act and speak through him, making him appear the figurehead of the movement. Although she is somewhat fond of Falbis, she would only regret his death because it would force her to find a new puppet. The pair currently operate in the region near Sanjo, a town about 50 kilometers north of Kanzaz City.

Her *pineal eye,* which allows her to see through Falbis' eyes, and her *sound absorption* ability appeared recently. After her left eye was injured in a fight a few months ago with a group of Bonapartists, she began to have visions. She quickly realized that she could see through the left eye of Falbis. This greatly aids her *mental manipulation* of his actions. At about the same point in time, probably resulting from radiation exposure, she gained the ability to absorb sound energy. This she uses to good advantage when Falbis displays his formidable vocal powers; she adapts the energy she gains to heal herself.

Katrina's *genius capability—sociological* mutation gives her a +1 RF when rolling on the Impress, Pacify, Parley, and Encounter Reaction Charts. When using information related to laws, mores, and cultures, she adds the mutation score to her Intelligence. A full description of the mutation can be found in "Mutations Unlimited" in DRAGON® Magazine #131. Katrina often uses this ability through Falbis, manipulating his vocal chords to speak through him.

Falbis Tyen

Male Humanoid Boar

Rank: 10
Tech Level: II
Status: 7

PS 16 +2 CS to hit with physical weapon
DX 13
CN 15 +1 negative RS on poison/radiation
MS 9 −1 CS when attacked mentally
IN 7 −1 on artifact examination
CH 10

Land Speed: 12
Morale: 12
Age: 17
Height: 1.6 meters
Weight: 51 kilograms
Hit Points: 124

Mutations: Modified body parts—changed voice box (MS 10), regeneration (MS 7), skeletal enhancement (MS 6), mental directional sense (MS 1), summoning (MS 10)
Talents and Skills: Animal riding, read and write I and II, swimming
Armor Class: Scale armor and partial plate, AC 5, absorbs 25 points per round
Weapons: Long sword (Tech II, PS modifier, D8/16)
Other Items: Skull horn, red polishing cloth

Falbis grew up about 50 kilometers north of Sanjo in the small village of Ayrevil. An orphan, he lived on the edge of town, barely surviving and rarely associating with other villagers. When Katrina appeared one day and

approached him, he could not even tell her his name. Taking pity on him, and seeing the humanoid boar as useful to her, she befriended and named him. Fortunately for Falbis, he does not know his name means "nameless pigman."

As his only friend, Katrina was able to convince him to join her in her "activities." By manipulating his muscles and voice, Katrina made Falbis a powerful figure in the area and was able to draw a loyal group of followers to (they think) the humanoid boar. Their current forces number about 150 mutants scattered throughout the area, with about half of those in and around Sanjo.

Falbis is happy with his new-found popularity and power. He is loyal to Katrina, who he refers to as Nysho (deadly moonlight,) and he is unaware she expects to eventually abandon him and the movement.

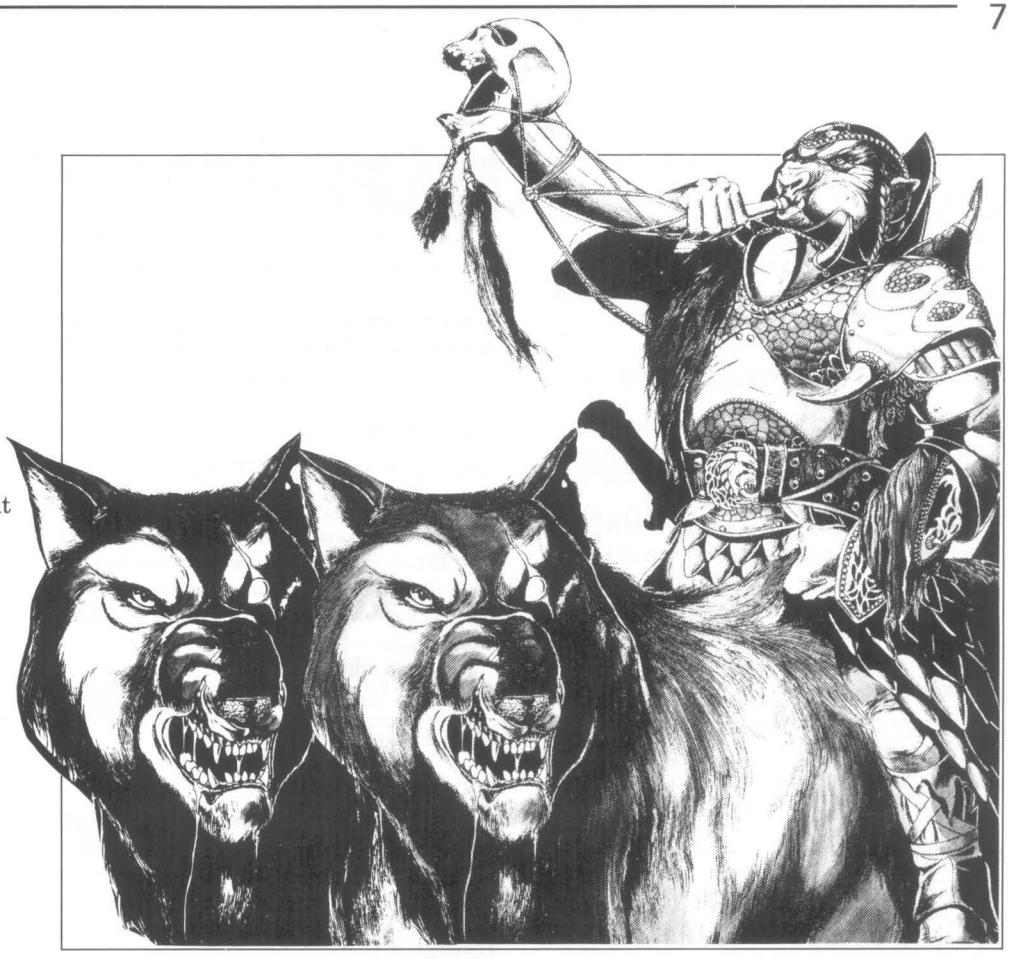
Falbis' modified voice box appears as a misshapen lump on the front of his throat; it gives him abilities equal to the mutations *sonic blast* and *sound imitation.*

At Katrina's urging, Falbis had his skull horn made from the skull of the first Pure Strain Human the two killed together. It has no special powers, however Falbis uses it to focus his *sonic blast* and *summoning* abilities.

Mental Manipulation (S)

Range:	50 Meters	**Duration:**	1 hour
Number:	One	**Modifier:**	MS
Use:	1 per hour	**Effect:**	Partial domination

Effects: By use of this mutation, the character gains complete muscular control over another creature's body, using the creature's abilities for his own ends. To gain control, the mutant attacks at 2x his Mutation score, minus the MS of his victim. The mutant can control any portion of the other individual, such as legs, forcing it to walk; hands, to attack or manipulate something; vocal chords, to speak through the individual; etc. Any manipulation which would lead directly to the death of the controlled creature allows the creature to attempt to regain control of its body by making a 1/2 MS Save. Passive abilities, such as hearing and sight, cannot be controlled or accessed through this mutation. The victim remains conscious during the manipulation. Control can be given voluntarily to the mutant by the victim.



Second Place, Merrgsh and Armmegh

These two high-powered entities are for the AD&D® 2nd Edition Game. They were created by Wes Nicholson of Canberra, Australia.

Merrgsh, Lesser God

Merrgsh is most often found in the Nine Hells. He has the power to rally armies of orcs and direct them to do his bidding. In his true form he appears as a shadowy figure with glowing red eyes.

Role-playing Notes: Merrgsh gathers worshipers by observing orcish tribes and sending his avatar to contact the strongest members. These, he rallies to his side, and if they are not in charge of their tribes, he encourages them to usurp the present leaders' positions. If a usurper is successful, the new leader orders the tribe to worship Merrgsh. If the usurper is defeated, Merrgsh selects another strong orc and tries again.

Statistics: AL le; WAL any evil; AoC evil; SY a pair of squinting eyes.

Merrgsh's Avatar
(fighter 13, cleric 12)

Merrgsh's avatar visits the Prime Material plane in various guises, often appearing as a fearsome warrior in black dragonscale armor, and always in the company of a great wolf—Armmegh. In such a form he leads orc armies to victory in their battles against goblins. He can draw upon the clerical spheres of all, animal, combat, healing, necromantic, and protection.

Str 19	Dex 18	Con 18
Int 17	Wis 16	Chr 4/18 to orcs
MV 12	SZ 7′	MR 25%
AC 0	HD 13	HP 104
#AT 1	THAC0 8	Dmg by weapon +7

Special Att/Def: When on the Prime Material plane, Merrgsh's belt acts as a *belt of protection +4* against goblinoid creatures and all weapons of goblin origin. It is +2 against other creatures and weapons and continually functions as a *belt of protection +3* when good creatures attack him. Also on the Prime Material plane, Merrgsh's *death's head horn* can be sounded once per day, acting as a *symbol of hopelessness* when used in battle against goblinkind. Fur-

ther, once per day a blast on the horn can produce the effects of a *power word kill.* Merrgsh attacks with his sword in battle. It is a *long sword of goblin slaying,* being +2 normally and +4 against goblins, hobgoblins, and other goblinoid races.

Duties of the Priesthood

Merrgsh's priests are those who seek nothing more than to do their god's bidding. Their primary duties involve keeping a tribe loyal to Merrgsh.

Requirements: AB standard; AL any evil; WP any, with preference toward long swords; AR a; SP all, animal, combat, healing, necromantic, protection; PW nil; TU turn.

Armmegh

CLIMATE/TERRAIN	Any
FREQUENCY	Unique
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	21
HIT DICE:	14 (85 hit points)
THAC0:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-20 + special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Regeneration
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	L (6′ at shoulder, 12′ long)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	7,000

Armmegh is the offspring of Tiamat and Gruumsh and is pure evil. He hates all life except dragonkind. However, because of his association with Merrgsh, he is slightly tolerant of orcs and their kind.

He lost an eye in his first battle with a goblin army, and he is eternally seeking revenge. He has the ability to regenerate 5 hit points of damage per round, but that regeneration does not apply to his eyes.

Armmegh's hide is very thick and tough, absorbing the first 14 points of damage done to him per attack. In battle, he is a formidable foe, as he can bite for 2-20 points of damage. Victims take an additional 1-12 points of damage from the acid in his saliva, save vs. breath for half damage.

Armmegh can cast first and second level mage and priest spells, five of each for a total of 20 spells a day.

Armmegh will allow Merrgsh's avatar to ride him. However, he will not permit any other being to touch him.

Third Place, Glutton The Wolfrider

This duo is for Palladium Books' Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Game, After The Bomb setting. They also can be used in other Palladium games. They were created by Jason Exum of Chula Vista, CA.

Glutton (true name: Andros Boggs)

Male Mutant Wolf

Alignment: Miscreant
Attributes: I.Q. 12; M.E. 10; M.A. 7; P.S. 26; P.P. 17; P.E. 25; P.B. 3; Spd. 13
Age: 46
Size Level: 12
Weight: 213 lbs.
Height: 6′5″
Hit Points: 80
Armor: A.R. 15, S.D.C. 300

Disposition: Tends to be a loner, only trusts his wolf, hates humans.
Human Features: Hands—FULL; Biped—FULL; Speech—FULL; Looks—Partial
Powers: None
Psionics: Animal speech

Level of Experience: 6th
Level of Education: None; can barely read and write.
Occupation: Wandering bounty hunter
Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, 6th level; battle axe, 5th level
Skills: Hand-to-hand expert, level 6; wrestling; general athletics; prowl 69%; tracking 73%; fishing 98%; swimming; locks 58%; basic survival 87%; hunting 98%; escape artist 63%; climbing 73%; pilot paddle/sail boat 88%

Combat Skills:
Attacks Per Melee: 8
Combat Bonuses: +2 to strike, +5 dodge/parry, +6 damage, +5 to roll with punch/fall, +3 to strike with long sword or battle axe, +2 damage with long sword or battle axe, body attack with spiked shoulder does 2d10 damage, critical strike on unmodified roll of 18, 19, or 20.

Special Weapons: Broad sword, 1d12 damage; Skullhorne, opponent must roll under 50% (M.E. as a modifier) to avoid unconsciousness for 1d20 rounds.

Background: Andros was a member of a wolf pack which had been experimented on; scientists wanted to discover the effect of human hormones on canines. The study continued for several years until the research center was devastated by the harsh nuclear wars of the early 21st century.

The nuclear energy, combined with the hormones, turned Andros into a humanoid. He had a difficult time making his way in his new body, as there was little employment for a humanoid with a markedly low intelligence and animal behavior.

Frustrated, and no longer able to fit in with a wolf pack, Andros took up bounty hunting. The task fit his skills and gave him a purpose. Andros has no intention of changing professions, as bounty hunting provides him with a steady source of cash.

Manslaughter

Mutant Wolf

Alignment: Aberrant
Attributes: I.Q. 21; M.E. 19; M.A. 20; P.S. 23; P.P. 19; P.E. 18; P.B. 6; Spd. 17
Age: 6
Size Level: 8
Weight: 157 lbs.
Length: 6′2″
Hit Points: 40
Armor: S.D.C. 300

Disposition: Stealthy and sly, protective of Andros.
Human Features: Hands—NONE; Biped—NONE; Speech—FULL; Looks—NONE
Powers: Advanced smell
Psionics: Animal speech, animal control, sixth sense

Level of Experience: 5th
Level of Education: Rudimentary
Occupation: Wolf
Weapon Proficiencies: None
Skills: Detect ambush 78%; detect concealment 63%; escape artist 75%; tracking 98%; wilderness survival 89%; climbing 74%; prowl 78%; running, swimming

Continued on page 31

Radiating Magic

Magic Item Contest Winners

We received about 300 entries for our Magic Item Contest—a record for the contests we sponsored this year. All First Place winners receive a one-year subscription to DRAGON® Magazine and a one-year extension to their RPGA™ Network memberships. Authors of Honorable Mentions receive six month extensions of their Network memberships. Additional entries will be published in future Newszines.

Grand Prize Winner

Mist Boat: This powerful magic item only works on water and appears to be a miniature ivory carving of a sailing ship. However, when the command word "mistform" is spoken, the carving turns into full-size ship made of mist. Despite its appearance, the ship is quite solid and has the statistics of a carrack (length 120′, width 20′, movement 21, carrying capacity 685 tons, see DRAGON® Magazine issue #116 for further information). The ship has 70 hull points, is equipped with one light mangonel, one medium mangonel, and four ballistae with 10 rounds of ammunition each). It requires a crew of 20. The mist boat is impervious to non-magical fire and cold, and to crushing attacks excluding ramming and constriction. *Wall of fog* repairs one point of damage to the ship per level of the caster; *solid fog* repairs two points per level. If the ship sustains more than 70 points of damage, the mist fades and the ivory miniature crumbles to dust. A mist boat can be used three times a week, for a maximum of 24 hours each usage. *XP Value:* 4,500
Vincent Hendricks, Lock Haven, PA

First Place Winners

Apparel

Rock Robe: This average-looking garment radiates a strong aura of alteration magic, if such is detected for. When first donned, nothing unusual happens, as the robe takes 24 hours to attune itself to its new owner. After that time its powers become known to the owner. The robe has two powers, each usable at will. The first allows the wearer to become a statue, similar to the 7th level wizard spell of the same name; no system shock roll is required, and the effect can be maintained indefinitely. The wearer can change back and forth between his flesh form and statue, with each change requiring one round. No other action can be taken during the transformation. The second power is immunity to *petrification*. Further, the robe can be used to return a petrified individual to flesh after it has attuned itself to that person for 24 hours. The robe only functions when worn, and it is useable by any character class.
XP Value: 3,500
Gary S. Watkins, Westminster, CO

Consumables

Tattoo Scroll: When a wizard, or a thief who is 10th level or higher, reads this scroll, a dark blue and black tattoo of a dagger appears on his forearm and he suffers 1d4 points of burning damage. The scroll dissolves. By placing a hand on the hilt of the dagger tattoo and saying "para mi," the wearer can remove the weapon and use it as a +3 weapon. To return it to his body, he places it on the portion of his body where he wants the tattoo and utters, "de mi." The dagger then becomes a tattoo again. If the weapon leaves the possession of its owner it dissolves. It must always be touching a part of the owner's skin. Therefore, the owner cannot throw it, hold it in a gloved hand, or give it away. *XP Value:* 3,000
Chas V. Rooney, Wauwatosa, WI

Armor

Holy Shield: This kite-shaped shield is medium sized and has a +2 enchantment. However, in the hands of a good-aligned priest or a paladin with spell casting abilities it is especially useful. Each holy shield has a specific alignment, and this can be determined by rolling 1d6: 1,2 = lawful good, 3,4 = neutral good, 5,6 = chaotic good. If a priest or spell-casting paladin is of the same alignment as the shield, three properties come into play. The shield's face changes to depict that character's holy symbol; the armor class bonus of the shield raises to +3; and the shield confers a permanent *protection from evil.* Holy shields are as light weight as small shields. They were rumored to have been created by the good gods during a great battle with evil many centuries ago. *XP Value:* 1,000
Jonathan L. Rariden, Decatur, GA

Weapon

Warstar of the Manticore: Several of these morning stars, +1 are believed to exist. However, scholars believe most owners of these weapons do not realize they have more than a melee weapon. Upon command, a *warstar of the manticore* releases 1d6 spikes at any one target. The spikes have a range of a light crossbow and instantly replace themselves. The wielder must make one "to hit" roll, adjusted for range, for the volley of spikes. The wielder gains the *warstar's* +1 "to hit" bonus and any bonus he normally would be entitled to for high dexterity (the *warstar's* enchantment negates dexterity penalties). The spikes can be released up to four times a day. *XP Value:* 1,500
Michael Madden, Blacksburg, VA

Jewelry/Adornments

Lenses of Subtitles: These two glass lenses, held together by woven gold and silver wires, act as a translation device. Each pair of lenses is usually set to translate 1d4 specific languages into another language. For example, one pair might translate Elvish, Dwarvish, and Orcish into Common, while another might translate Dwarvish and Gnomish into Elven. The translation is in writing, with the words running across the inside of the lenses. The words are invisible to all but the wearer, and as long as the wearer can read the language, he can take advantage of the lenses' power. While the words move across the lenses, they obscure the vision of the wearer. In a combat situation, this imparts a −4 penalty on all attack rolls and saving throws made by the wearer. A character must disengage from combat for an entire round to take off the lenses. The lenses are enchanted to stay on the wearer's face until he removes them. Therefore, the lenses cannot fall off during combat or falls. *XP Value* 2,800
Tim Beach, Maryville, MO

Miscellaneous Magic

Folding Moat: A *folding moat* appears to be a large loop of cloth. When placed on the ground, however, it expands to become a 30′ wide, 10′ deep trench, enclosing a 500′ by 300′ area. If the command word is spoken, the *moat* fills with water, which will remain until a second command word is spoken.
XP Value 8,000
Jeremy Bargen, Cheyenne, WY

Honorable Mentions

Scroll Of Mapping: Such a *scroll,* when unrolled, will automatically map wherever its possessor goes. When the command word is spoken within 20 feet of the scroll, it will clear itself of all previous mappings and begin again. The scroll's command word usually is written on the scroll. If it is a common word, this could cause problems for the person using it, as the scroll would continue to erase itself. The scroll keeps a legend of what its possessor sees, noting scale, direction, and the symbols for doors, pits, and other features. Objects such as secret doors will not appear on the scroll unless the possessor finds them. If the scroll is not cleared within 10 days after it is last used, it will erase itself. Therefore, when it is found as an item of treasure it likely will be blank. A typical *Scroll of Mapping* is 18″ long and 12″ wide. The wielder is free to designate the scale of any map drawn, and the *scroll* automatically centers the map on the page. However, if the map becomes too large to fit, the *scroll* automatically clears itself, then continues to map.
XP Value 1,200
Vincent Hendricks, Lock Haven, PA

Epox's Iron Rations: This is found in a magical metal chest (10″ by 5″ by 4″). When the chest is opened, there is an edible iron ration meal inside. Up to three meals will be produced a day, and the box will function six days in a row. On the seventh day it recharges. The food produced by the box contains a magical syrup that acts like a diluted *potion of healing.* For every two meals eaten, one hit point of damage is healed. The box does not provide beverages, and the food produced by it does not taste better than normal iron rations.
XP Value 1,000
Randy Helphrey, Ottawa, KS

Alternate Wand Of Wonder:

D24 Roll	Effect
1	Summon monkey 01-50, ape 51-75, baboon 76-00
2	An invisible organ plays for 1d6 rounds
3	Target sprouts wings for 1d12 rounds
4	Wielder sings for 1d4 rounds
5	Target smells like horse dung
6	A four-foot tall banana appears and dances for 1d8 rounds
7	5d4 roses shoot forth in a 20-foot long stream
8	The target's armor turns to leaves
9	The target is turned invisible
10	The wielder must shout instead of talk for 1d4 rounds
11	The target grows a tail
12	An owlbear appears, runs toward the target, and hugs him for 1d4 rounds
13	Mushrooms grow out of the target's ears
14	Two tentacles grow on the wielder's shoulders.
15	Target's hair turns into snakes
16	It rains in a 30-foot radius centered on the wielder for 1d10 rounds
17	Target is polymorphed into a dog
18	The target's nose grows two inches longer
19	A *meteor swarm* detonates on the wielder, as the 9th level spell
20	The wielder *magic jars* into the target's body
21	Wielder is paralyzed for 1d20 rounds
22	The target's legs double in length
23	A 10-foot ladder appears
24	A salesman appears trying to sell a guisarme-voulge

XP Value 1,200
Ralph Mansson, West Sussex, England

Gloves Of The Octopus: These dark gloves function only when worn. When commanded, the fingers (not the thumbs) grow to 10′ long tentacles. They can grab objects, open doors, and attack and entangle opponents. Each finger has a strength of 18/50, and each attack by a finger causes 1d6 points of damage. A "to hit" roll must be made for each finger. When commanded to entangle, the victim must make a saving throw vs. death to avoid being held. This saving throw is modified by −1 for each finger involved. For example, if the wearer is using one hand (four fingers) to entangle, the victim makes his saving throw at −4. The elongated hand also can wield weapons normally used by the wearer and based on the wearer's combat table. The fingers cannot employ magic items.

The gloves' armor class is 8, and each finger can withstand 10 points of damage before becoming useless. Damaged fingers regenerate at a rate of one hit point per week. When all the fingers of a glove are cut off, the glove becomes non-magical. Damaging the fingers does not cause damage to the wearer. While using the gloves, the wearer cannot cast spells or use magic items that require concentration. *XP Value* 4,000
Luciano Violante, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Magic Match: A *magic match* appears to be a simple copper rod three inches long. Upon uttering a command word, a small flame erupts on one end of the rod. If used as a weapon, the flame causes only one point of damage. The flame lasts for one minute and cannot be extinguished by any normal means. Even strong winds and immersion in water will not put it out. The *match* is handy for setting fire to flammable materials. Each *magic match* is good for only one use. However, they are usually found in lots of 2d20 contained in small, engraved wooden boxes. *XP Value* 600
Tim Beach, Maryville, MO

The Endless Stair: This magic item consists of two two-foot by one-foot rectangular metal plates. When cast at the ground, both hover in place, one above the other, forming a small stairway. When someone steps on the first plate, the second plate levitates to a position above the second, thus continuing the stair. The stair can be turned by climbing in the desired direction, for a maximum of a 45° angle change per step. The *stair* does not have an altitude limit, but it does not confer any special ability on the user. Therefore, if the user climbs above the atmosphere, he will die unless he has magical protection. The plates can be used in a vacuum, but not in a zero-gravity environment, as they would not sense where to go next. If the climber falls or otherwise leaves the *stair* in mid-air, the plates will collapse. However, if the climber ascends to a safe surface, the plates will stay in place. Each plate has an armor class of −1 and can sustain 10 points of damage before becoming use-

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Gaming Down Under

The Network Opens An Australian Branch

by Wes Nicholson

The Network's Australian branch is up and running. We hope it will increase participation in the Network and the Newszine by members in Australia and New Zealand (Big hint to all of them—you ARE allowed to write for the Newszine. The worst that can happen to your submission is it gets rejected.)

Let me introduce myself. I'm one of the Network's Regional Directors, which keeps me pretty busy. And, I'm in charge of the Network's Australian branch. I plan to keep you posted about activities covered by my branch office. This go around I want to talk about conventions in Australia, and how they differ from just about everywhere else in the world. It seems that next to North America, Australia has the biggest Network convention circuit of any country. In a calendar year, we have nine major conventions on the east coast—in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Canberra. Rumor has it that Perth and Adelaide each have one con a year, but no flyers ever reach the east coast. If there are conventions in New Zealand, we don't see the flyers in Australia, so we'd love to hear from you and help get Network tournaments for your gatherings. Recent news from New Zealand indicates there is a parliamentary inquiry into gaming, primarily wargaming, but role playing as well.

In size, CANCON is the biggest Australian convention, with about 1,000 gamers. Arcanacon comes next with nearly 600. Most other conventions draw 200 to 400 gamers. Only CANCON, Conquest, and SAGA conventions offer a variety of games. The other conventions attract primarily role players.

Australian role playing tournaments tend toward team play. Individual advancement, or knockout competitions as we call them, are mostly unheard of. Gamers in my area see the advantages of team play as being able to game with people you know, often making character interaction easier. If you always play in the same team, you find out who is the natural mage, thief, pilot, team leader, etc., and this helps if you are playing to win. The disadvantages are that you don't get to meet new people and you tend to get typecast.

There is one major exception to the team competition—Freeforming. This is an Australian invention which I will cover in more depth in another issue, but briefly it involves many players (up to 100) all playing at the same time in the same room. There is only a general 'plot,' with all players having individual objectives.

Team sizes vary in my country, but there has been a move from one of the Sydney conventions to standardize five-player teams. This has met with some success, although many cons leave it up to the designers to determine the number of players. Call of Cthulhu designers generally prefer four players, and AD&D® scenario authors generally prefer six or more.

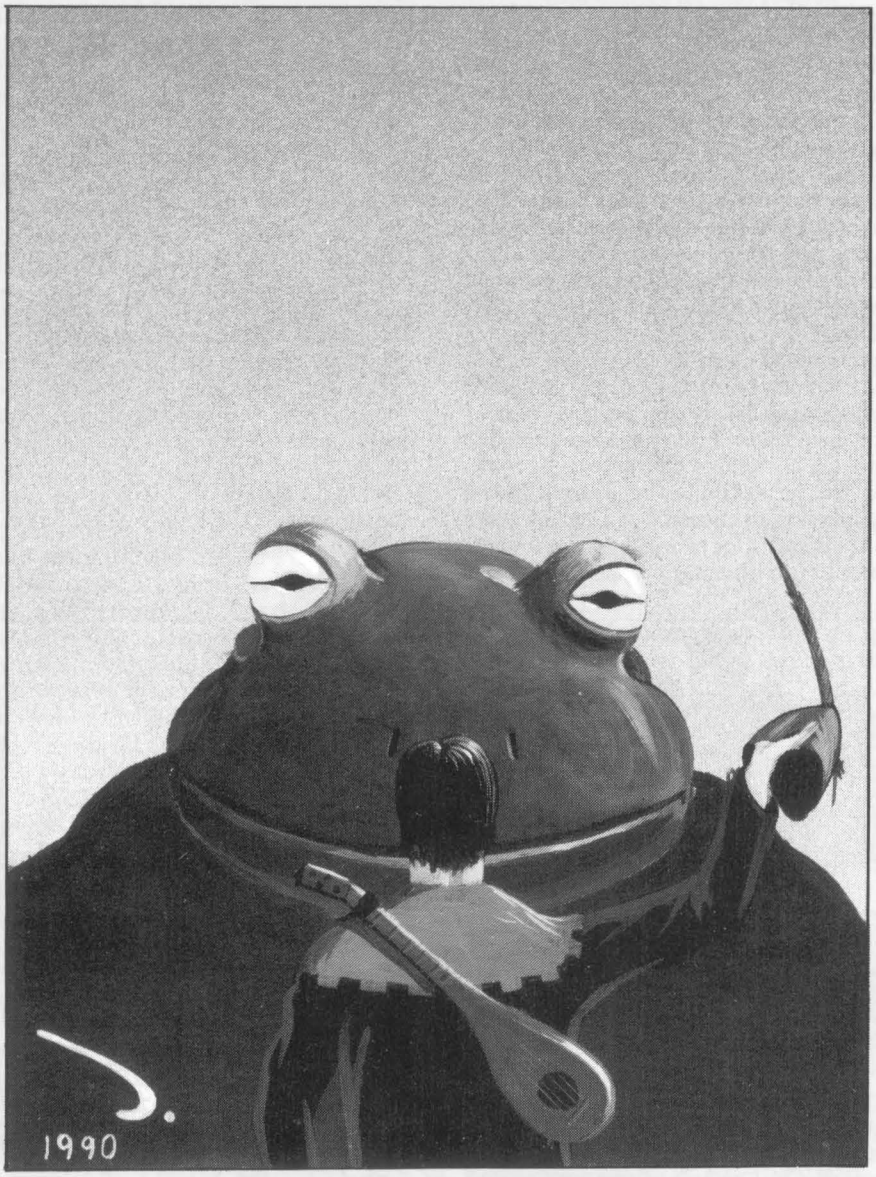
As we run team events, we also give team prizes. Many competitions also give best individual character awards for each of the five characters. At Sydcon '90, for example, one event allowed the players to choose 5 of 11 characters, so they had a lot of winners. This tournament (an unusual mixture of Runequest and Call of Cthulhu) was to have been sent to Network HQ for sanctioning request, but seems to have fallen through the cracks. Arcanacon this year had a Runequest event where the players could either be fighters or pacificists—again, two sets of winners.

Another innovation in Australian role playing is the non-competitive event. These are proving very popular right now. Instead of trophies, gift vouchers, or other prizes, each team (or player) receives a copy of the module or, in one case, a video tape of their performance. Whether this will continue remains to be seen, but it is one more way of showing that role playing has matured from its wargaming origins.

One last plug for moving the Australian branch in the right direction. All you lazy Aussies and Kiwis out there; your work is as good as, in some cases better than, the writings of our American cousins. Put pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard, and write something for the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine. You'd be amazed at the kick you get out of seeing your name in print.

❑

The Legacy



An AD&D® Game Adventure for 4–6 Characters Levels 3–5

by Kevin Melka with Keith Polster

DM's Background

In this WORLD OF GREYHAWK™ game adventure, which is adapted from the Star Tournament Series by Kevin Melka and Keith Polster, the player characters are hired by a wizard, the appointed executor of a will. The wizard needs to locate a gnome called Phanto Klerday, who is to inherit a considerable amount of gold. But she has to be found before the wealth can be given to her. The wizard cannot find the gnome on his own, as he is much too busy working on spells and other business. Hence, he employs the PCs.

Your employer is paying you 1,000 gold pieces each to find a gnome called Phanto Klerday. The gnome is going to come into a lot of wealth—but she has to be brought to the executor of her uncle's will before she can collect. All you have to do is track the gnome, tell her about the will, and direct her to the wizard. Simple? You hope so.

When the wizard last saw her, Phanto was distraught over her uncle's death and did not stay around after the funeral. It is not too difficult to find the little woman's tracks, and it should not take long to find her—after all, gnomes do not walk very far very fast.

Journey To Forbidden Mountain

You begin your journey along a well-traveled road that leads north. The road seems to be used by farmers, judging by the animal tracks and the bits of straw (and other detritus) that litter the way. The road and trail of the missing Phanto leads you toward the northern mountain ranges, which you know are capped by snow and ice.

After traveling little more than a mile, you hear the rush of water and see a wide bridge that spans a great flowing river. To get to the mountains you will have to cross the bridge.

However, that might not be an easy

task. A small shanty is near the edge of the bank closest to you. Closer still is a man. The midday sun gleams off of his armor as he sits upon a white stallion. The figure moves onto the road and stops, apparently defying your passage.

This man is Sir Colonius, a brave fighter from a distant land, who was hired by a wealthy landowner to guard this bridge. The landowner, an aspiring enchanter, feared trouble from a group of brigands and evil humanoids which had been raiding neighboring farms. Wanting to make sure the knight held his position—no matter what—the landowner *charmed* Sir Colonius. However, the spell did not work as intended. Now the fighter believes anyone who uses this road is a brigand or an evil humanoid, and therefore should be killed. Sir Colonius' employer was one of the first killed. Phanto snuck by the fighter while he was sleeping. The PCs will not be so lucky.

"Ho, varlets! Begone or die before my mighty sword. Nothing evil shall cross this bridge. No evil shall move near the guardian of the bridge and river."

Sir Colonius knows that "evil" can be tricky, so he will not believe any attempts the PCs make to convince him they are good. If the PCs approach the bridge or attempt to swim the river, they will have to fight the man. However, a simple *remove curse* or *dispel magic* will bring Sir Colonius to his senses.

Sir Colonius: Int Highly; AL Neutral Good; AC 0; MV 12; HD 9; hp 87; THAC0 9 (adjusted); #AT 3/2; Dmg 1-10+5 (magic weapon and STR); SZ M; ML Fanatic (20); XP 3,000.

Sir Colonius wields a *long sword +2* with a special property that gives him *protection from good* and *protection from evil* in a 15′ radius. Colonius wears plate mail. His mount is a heavy warhorse.

Heavy warhorse (1): Int Animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 3+3; hp 26; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8/1-8; SZ L; ML 6; XP 120.

If the player characters can get Sir Colonius to come to his senses, he will be so remorseful about what he has done—killing poor innocents who only wanted to cross the bridge—that he will go on a self-appointed mission to do in true evil everywhere.

This Toad's For You

You cross the bridge and continue along the road, enjoying the peace and quiet of your surroundings—the colorful flowers, the soft breeze, the beautiful butterflies, the big rock wiggling in the middle of the road. Rock? On closer examination you notice the rock is a large mottled brown toad. It peers at you with big black eyes, catches a butterfly, swallows, and speaks.

"Are you a toad, too? Or are you a gnome?"

The toad is harmless and semi-intelligent, gaining its brains several months ago from a magical mishap. The toad, who calls himself Ekkk, after the sound made by a woman who screamed after he talked, spoke to Phanto when the gnome passed by. Phanto told Ekkk she was headed to the great mountains. Ekkk will not tell the party this unless he is given a bit of tasty food or something sparkly—he'll swallow either one. Ekkk likes to talk and usually does not have anyone to talk to. Most people just run away from him. If the party is willing to talk, he will take up as much of their time as possible, and will even want to go with them. Ekkk weighs 30 pounds. He can ride comfortably on the back of a horse. He is too big to fit into a pack. However, he suggests the PCs tie him to someone's back. If the PCs are willing to do this, he will instruct them to affix him so he can watch the countryside.

If the PCs elect to leave Ekkk behind, the toad will be very sad. However, he soon will get over the situation, becoming engrossed in a small swarm of flies.

Giant Toad: Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 6, hop 6; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SZ S; ML 7; XP 35.

Within Ekkk's stomach can be found five 100 gp gems and a *wand of illusion* with five charges.

The Village Of Springrush

Following Phanto's trail, you crest a low hill south of a lone, majestic mountain. Near the base of the mountain you see a village with a fast-rushing stream coursing through it. Several log homes cover the area north of a small group of pine trees. What appears to be a large log building sprawls west of the homes. A massive stone tower stands high above everything.

Facts About Springrush

1 Everyone in Springrush is a werecreature. The community was founded nearly five decades ago by a clan of werebears. Through the years other lycanthropes happened upon the place, and the werebears allowed them to stay. Although some of the other lycanthropes tended toward evil, the werebears' persistent preaching caused them to mellow. Recently, the adventuring residents of Springrush have taken it upon themselves to actively seek out other werecreatures. Very few outsiders know of the true nature of the town. The town is closed to travelers and merchants during the full moon.

2 The current population consists of 33 men, 17 women, 12 children, a herd of 16 cattle, 4 goats, and 34 chickens. The livestock wanders freely inside the village.

3 An evil mage werewolf, who has successfully masqueraded as a kind man, resides in the stone tower.

Population Overview

Werewolves (5): Int Average; AL N (except the one in the tower, he is CE); AC 5; MV 15; HD 4+3; hp 23, 25, 29, 30, 35; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Surprise; SD Hit only by silver or +1 or better magical weapon; SZ M; ML 12; XP 420 each.

Weretiger (1): Int Average; AL N; AC 3; MV 12; HD 6+2; hp 33; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-12; SA Rake for 2-5/2-5; SD Hit only by silver or +1 or better magical weapon; SZ M; ML 14; XP 975.

Werebears (41): Int Average; AL NG; AC 2; MV 9; HD 7+3; hp 28 to 35 each; THAC0 14; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/2-8; SA Hug for 2-16; SD Silver or +1 weapons to hit; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400 each.

Wereboars (15): Int Average; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 5+2; hp 19 to 24 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2-12; SD Silver or +1 weapons to hit; SZ L; ML 14; XP 650 each.

The villagers are cautious about outsiders and have four of their kind posted as lookouts at all times. When the PCs come to the village, the four lookouts include one werebear, one werewolf, and two wereboars. The lookouts are in their animal forms, as this makes them appear as common woodland animals. If the PCs do not act suspicious when they come to the town, the lookouts will not sound an alarm.

Visiting Springrush

When the PCs enter town, they will be greeted by two werebears in human form. The werebears are friendly and courteous, and they are curious about what the characters want. If the PCs in turn seem curious and begin asking questions, such as about Phanto, or if the PCs are carrying Ekkk, the werebears will head toward the Seer to announce the presence of "odd strangers."

The Seer (the old man who lives in the tower) cannot be found, and some of the villagers will believe the PCs had something to do with the Seer's disappearance. The villagers do not initially attack the PCs over this, however, as they want to be certain the PCs are to blame.

If the PCs look about the village, describe the sites.

> The village is small, made up of a dozen stone and wooden homes. Everything is prim and clean and pleasing to look at. Every home has flowers planted outside, and the hedges and trees are trimmed.
>
> Next to the village is a large section of pine trees. You can tell the forested area is old because of the size of the trees. Also nearby is a large pond, fed by the spring that rushes from the mountains. The most impressive sight in the village is a tower that stands at least 30 feet tall. It is made of stone and appears very old. Near it is an obelisk made of obsidian.

The Homes, Area 1

The homes are constructed of logs and stones. Two to seven people live in each home. Most of the livestock wanders throughout the village and around the homes. The gardening tools are kept in a common shed. Each of the families has a modest amount of wealth—100 to 1,000 gp in each home. The income is derived through the sale of livestock and through mining silver from the mountains.

One large building in this area is used to house chickens and smaller livestock. A second large structure is empty. It used to house horses, but a few werewolves ate the horses. Those lycanthropes were summarily dispatched by the villagers, but the horses have not been replaced.

The most run-down of the homes, which has a riotous growth of wild flowers in front of it, is occupied by Gorloff, the Aged. Gorloff is the oldest resident in Springrush, and is the only resident who is not a lycanthrope. He built a cabin here when he was younger and prospecting for gold. He struck a vein of silver instead, and began to make a respectable income. A few werebears moved into the area and befriended Gorloff. Other werecreatures joined them, and Gorloff found he liked the company of the lycanthropes and did not mind that a village grew up around his home. Lately, Gorloff has become a little senile and sometimes considers himself a werecreature. He hasn't quite decided what kind of werecreature. Sometimes he is a werewolf, howling at the night sky. And sometimes he is a wereboar, rutting in his wildflower garden with his long nose. Gorloff thinks he knows all about lycanthropes. Gorloff is also one of the friendliest villagers. If the PCs come into this area he will come out to talk to them, occasionally rubbing his head up against the side of a PC, like a docile weretiger might. If the PCs ask Gorloff about the villagers, he tells them, "Nice folk, good with animals, and they won't eat you unless you're mean. Of course, I won't eat you either. I like turnips." If the PCs ask about the area, Gorloff tells them to beware of the mountains. He screams, "Beware of the anger from the sky!" Gorloff has hidden in his cabin a scroll of protection from lightning. He keeps it in an ivory tube beneath his bed.

If the PCs ask Gorloff about the gnome, Phanto, he replies that he saw a gnome in the village, but she did not stay. She headed into the mountains—probably to the Forbidden Mountain or the City Of The Magi. Gorloff was not very taken by the gnome, as the gnome would not take time to talk to him.

The adult villagers realize Gorloff is not a lycanthrope. Some believe he may have been a lycanthrope at one time and was cured. The children, however, believe he is the most powerful lycanthrope of all because he exhibits lycanthropic tendencies while in human form. The adults have done nothing to correct the children's beliefs.

Gorloff: Int Ave; AL NG; AC 10; MV 9; HD 1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SZ M; ML 10; XP none.

The Safehouse, Area 2

This large log structure is where the villagers gather in case of severe weather, low temperatures, and natural disasters. The safehouse is three times as strong as the other buildings, and it also serves as the village hall. There are usually 2d6 villagers here talking, playing cards, and working on craft projects. Homemade ale and lemonade are always available in the hall. If the PCs drink the homemade ale, which their systems are not used to, they become sick the next day and suffer a −1 penalty on all attack and damage rolls.

Outside the safehouse is a circle of stones where the villagers build a large bonfire each night before the first full moon of the month. It is followed on the next night by a ceremony in which they all turn into their beast forms and run through the wilderness. Gorloff always joins them, usually dressed in his thickest hides. The children do not participate in this ceremony and are usually locked up in their homes.

The Well, Area 3

This is an old dried out well that was used years ago before some occurrence caused the spring to flow toward the village. At the bottom of the well is the skeleton of a long-dead villager, a silver knife is wedged between the skeleton's ribs. The well is 150 feet deep.

Obelisk Of Power, Area 4

The obelisk is constructed of pure obsidian. Atop it is the symbol of Boccob, The Uncaring. The symbol is a large eye within the center of a larger golden star. Two steel rods flank the eye on either side.

The obelisk has been here for centuries, and the lycanthrope village grew around it because the first villagers thought it might have been a good

omen. The obelisk was used in ancient times as a protection device. Centuries ago another village was built on this site. These villagers supplied food to the City Of The Magi. The Magi put the obelisk here, and any traveler who killed a villager would be struck down by a lightning bolt for 5d6 damage. Anyone who attacked or tried to move the obelisk would suffer the same fate. The former effect no longer functions, as the villagers it was intended to protect are long dead. However, anyone moving or harming the obelisk will be struck by the lightning. PCs save at −4 for half damage from the bolt.

The Pines, Area 5

The pines are a favorite nighttime haunt for many of the werewolves. Anyone in the pines after midnight will be stalked by the werewolves. There is a 50% chance 1d6 werewolves will attack. Because the werewolves are so familiar with the area, they will surprise characters on 1-5 on a d6.

The Wash, Area 6

This is where the villagers do laundry. If the PCs approach the village during the day they will see 1d4 men and women washing clothes. The villagers will talk to the PCs if the PCs seem friendly. If the PCs ask these villagers about the gnome Phanto, the villagers tell them the gnome went to visit the Seer in the tower.

Tower Of The Seer, Area 7

The tower stands 35 feet high and has a 20-foot diameter base. It was constructed by dwarven stoneworkers and appears to be centuries old. A 10-foot archway leads to the front door.

The Seer is considered a wellspring of advice by many villagers. They come to him when their livestock is acting strange, when the children are sick, and when they need advice in general. The Seer, who is well stocked up on *healing potions* and potions of *sweetwater* only has been helping the village to build himself a good image.

The Seer's name is Hobalac DeVall, and he someday hopes to take over the village, turn the lycanthropes to evil ways, and ravage the countryside. He is tired of living with civic lycanthropes. Hobalac saw the PCs approaching and feared they were here to eliminate him. He decided to get out quick, so quick that he left part of his belongings behind. He plans to return later and resume his position.

If the PCs investigate the tower, they find that the doors are unlocked. Nearly everything within the tower is in disarray. If they search through the mess of clothes and papers, they can find a map leading up the mountain side to a place labeled, City Of The Magi. A note at the bottom of the map reads, "To be lit by the light of the night, beware the light."

The PCs also will find four potions; two are labeled *healing*, and two are labeled *sweetwater*.

If the villagers notice the PCs enter the tower, they become suspicious and wait for them to come out. They begin to question the PCs about the Seer, what they wanted with the Seer, and ask them what they have done to the Seer. The PCs will have to convince the villagers they had nothing to do with the Seer's disappearance. Any reasonable explanation will work. However, if the PCs duck the questions and act sneaky or refuse to deal with the villagers, the villagers become agitated. If the PCs do not leave, the villagers attack to subdue, arrest them, and lock them up in the former horse barn until they can decide what to do to the guilty people.

Stream Of Springrush, Area 8

The stream is fed from the mountain snows near the City Of The Magi. Centuries ago the destruction of the city changed the course of the stream so that it now goes through the village. If the PCs did not find the map of the City Of The Magi in the tower, they can follow the stream to within 100 yards of the place. There is nothing special about the stream.

The Forbidden Mountain

Phanto's trail picks up on the other side of Springrush, and indicates the gnome was indeed heading toward the mountains.

The mountains lie on the eastern part of the Hellfurnace Mountains and is geographically no different from any other mountain in the range. It is known as The Forbidden Mountain to the villagers of Springrush.

Two miles from Springrush, upon the southern cliffs of the mountain, lies the City Of The Magi. The mountain is very steep, and it will be impossible to take horses up the trail. The city, where Phanto went, is hidden by the cliffs.

The City Of The Magi

Ten centuries ago wizards were greatly feared in this part of the world. Concerned that fear would turn to hate, they built the city as a refuge. The mages and their apprentices could live and study within the confines of the city without fear and could advance the practice of the arcane arts. The city flourished for five centuries, and was so peaceful that the residents governed themselves; there were no elected or appointed leaders. Unfortunately, the peace did not last. An evil wizard named Zakuri, who had existed for several years in the city by obscuring his alignment, poisoned a fellow mage. The mage had made a great magical discovery, and Zakuri wanted credit for it.

However, Zakuri was soon discovered, and he fled the city. Cornered near his residence just outside the city, he intentionally broke his fully-charged *Staff of Power*, which set off a chain of explosions that ruined much of the city. Zakuri perished in the disaster, as did many of the city's residents. Only a handful of the city's guardians still remain, as does a small amount of the ancient power that once flowed through the city walls.

City Walls Forgotten

> Climbing over the edge of the steep Forbidden Mountain, you are presented with a view of an old, ruined city. Parts of the wall that still stand are about 30 feet tall and prevent you from looking at the entire city. Some of the buildings seem to stand intact, such as a few stone towers that are part of the exterior wall. The towers reach at least 50 feet into the sky. It is evident the city once must have been very powerful and fortified. A noise echoes among the crumbling buildings, a strange grinding sound. You cannot tell precisely where it is coming from, but it is annoying to your ears.

The grinding sound is made as the city's guardians, four iron golems, walk across the crumbling ruins. They have held their posts through the decades, guarding the city from non-wizards. Each golem patrols a section of the broken city walls, and because of special enchantments placed upon the golems, they can detect the presence of intruders, including non-wizards, within a 500-foot area beyond the walls.

Iron Golems (4): Int Non; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 18 (80 hp); THAC0 3; #AT 1; Dmg 4-40 (4d10); SA Poisonous gas; SD +3 or better weapons to hit; SZ L; ML 19; XP 15,000 each.

The only magical attack which affects golems is electrical, which slows the creatures to half their movement rate for three rounds. Magical fire heals them one hit point for every point of damage the fire would normally do. Once every seven melee rounds the golems can breathe poisonous gas in addition to their physical attacks.

The golems were instructed to keep non-wizards out of the city, excluding those who were being brought inside as visitors.

1A. Secret Passage

Underneath a large rock outside the range of sight of the iron golems is a secret passage that leads into the city. This is how Phanto entered the city, even though she probably could have walked right by the golems because she is an illusionist. This is also the way wizards frequently used to bring non-magic using visitors into the city.

If the PCs find the secret entrance, where Phanto's tracks lead, they can use that to go inside. Otherwise, they must deal with the golems.

Phanto's tracks continue inside the ruins to the owlbear barn and to the crazed gardener, both described below, then to the temple. The little gnome was quite an explorer.

2. Livestock Ruins

> The remains of an immense barn dominate this scene. Near it are rotted chunks of smaller wood structures. Weeds and small shrubs dot the area north of the barn and near the road to the east.

The barn is home to a family of owlbears. They got into the city through the secret entrance, finding it accidently as they fled from the iron golems. The owlbears wander in and out of the city now, the golems accepting them as a product of magic. There are five males, four females, and three cubs. As owlbears go, this group is rather placid. They will remain in this area, and will not provoke a fight with the PCs. However, they will fight if the PCs insist on poking around in the ruins of the barn.

Owlbears (12): Int Low; AL N; AC 5; MV 12; HD 5+2; 5@32, 4@22, 3@17; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA Hug; SZ L; ML 11; XP 2,000 each.

In the ruins is the owlbears' treasure: 234 gp, 400 sp, one 100 gp gem, and a *potion of cloud giant strength* (one dose remaining).

3. Crater Of Death

> A large crater surrounded by blackened debris and thick green vines overshadows this section of the city. The bottom of the crater is pitch black, its surface smooth like glass. Stone rubble flanks the crater to the north, while a small group of trees cover the edge of the crater to the south.

The bottom of the crater is fused glass from the sands that whipped across the area. If any PC goes down into the crater, he or she will not find anything of value. The character must roll half of his or her Dexterity to climb out unassisted.

3A. Crater Rubble

The land here is covered in rubble from the explosion of the *staff of power.* Buried in the western section of the rubble is a small golden chest covered in black soot. The chest will be difficult for the PCs to locate. However, *detect magic* will register that something is buried beneath a loose covering of rubble. The chest is trapped with a *glyph of warding* that will deliver a blast of fire doing 3-24 points of damage to all within 10 feet of the chest, save vs. spells for half damage. Within the chest are 25 pp, a burnt out wand, and a *scroll of protection from magic.*

3B. Deadly Trees

This place has become overgrown by trees. These trees, most of which are more than 100 years old, are close together and are fed by an underground stream that flows beneath the city. Within the trees resides the ghost of Zakuri, cursed forever to haunt this land where he committed his evil act.

Zakuri's Ghost: Int Highly; AL LE; AC 0 or 8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 55; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg Age 10-40 Years; SA sight causes humanoids to save vs. spells or age 10 years and flee in panic for 2d6 turns, all characters of 8th level and above gain +2 to the roll, priests of 6th level and above are immune; *magic jar* with 60-yard range; SD immune to normal weapons and takes half damage from silver weapons; AC 8 if attacked on the Etherial Plane; SZ M; ML Special; XP 7,000.

Zakuri is bound to this part of the city; he will not leave Area 3. PCs searching at the base of the trees can recover 20 pearls, each worth 80 gp, and a lump of melted gold coins worth 120 gp.

4. How Does Your Garden Grow?

The PCs must enter this area if they want to see what is here. They cannot see it from the road.

> What once must have been great, towering buildings litter the land. Piles of rubble are the only testaments to the architects. Some of the rubble piles are 20 feet high. The broken buildings were built in a semi-circle facing the still-intact west wall of the city.

If the PCs enter the semi-circle, continue with the following:

> This area is lush and green, with a variety of wild flowers growing in neat beds. Thick emerald grass carpets the ground and extends to a well-tended vegetable garden. Many assortments of plants common to Oerth surround the semi-circle.
>
> A man dressed in worn blue and silver robes picks weeds in the vegetable garden. He smiles at you and speaks, "Don't just stand there. Grab a hoe and start working." Shaking his head and brushing dirt off his robes, he returns to his weed pulling.

The human is Zamure, a mad archwizard. He is the guardian of the secrets of the city, and is one of the city's first occupants. Though human, he has had his life extended through *wishes* and other magics. Zamure was assigned the task of guarding the city in the event the golems failed.

Zamure will taunt the party, as he is not sure they are supposed to be in the city. However, if they immediately help him tend the garden he will forget that he was suspicious of them.

Zamure cannot give the PCs much valuable information. He babbles about vegetables and flowers and voices his anger that the rubble mars the beauty of his garden. He does not remember much about the city, other than that he is supposed to guard it. If the PCs question Zamure for more than ten minutes of actual game time, he begins to get annoyed and starts playing pranks, such as changing one of the PCs' hair green with a *cantrip.*

If the PCs act hostile to Zamure, he pulls out his *wand of wonder* and begins using it; next he resorts to his spells. If they damage him for more than one-half his hit points, he casts *cone of cold* and then tries to *teleport* away. While Zamure is supposed to guard the city, he also wants to guard himself.

Zamure: Int Highly; AL Chaotic good; AC 0; MV 12; HD 10+10 (20th level wizard); hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (gardening spade; SA Spells; SD Spells; SZ M; ML 15; XP 14,000.

Spells carried: *Cantrip, magic missile* (x4), *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter* (x5), *fly, ice storm* (x2), *cone of cold, teleport without error*

Zamure is immune to first through third level spells. A few centuries ago he attained this immunity by exhausting a *ring of wishes.*

5. He Who Waits

This building served as a living quarters. Several crushed bones litter the area, evidence that the former residents were killed in some disaster. The PCs will find nothing of value here, but they are welcome to waste their time exploring it.

6. Shrine To A God

> Before you is the only structure in the city which appears to have been unaffected by the ravages of time. The structure is a temple of some sort, with three shining marble pillars forming a triangle in front. Above and beneath the pillars are slabs of granite, and carved upon the marble floor is a symbol lined in silver and gold; it is the same symbol that appears on the obelisk in the village of Springrush.

The temple was dedicated to Boccob. One of Zamure's duties is to keep the temple in good order. There is a 30% chance a wizard or cleric in the party recognizes the symbol of Boccob.

The marble floor radiates magic. If an offering is left at the temple in the name of Boccob, the person making the offering will be healed of all physical damage, and the offered items disappear. The magic works on one person a day.

7. Citadel Of Power

> As you walk toward this four-pillared structure, a brilliant flash erupts from the roof of the building, and a bright beam of blue-white light races toward the sky. The hair on your necks prickle, and a sudden shock courses through you. The sensation lasts only for a moment.

The beam causes no damage. One of the double doors to the citadel lies in a pile of rubble in the ancient doorway. The power surge and stroke of light occurs every 30 minutes.

The rooms within the citadel were places of power where magic items were created. Although none of the rooms have been used in centuries, they all radiate a faint trace of magic. Any spells cast within the citadel do not require spell components.

Room 1 The floor is covered with a thick layer of dust and dirt. A rotting table and chairs lay against the northern portion of the room. Broken glass is scattered about everywhere.

Room 2 An altar sits in the middle of this room. Several mages turned themselves into liches here. On the altar are etched the words, "Power From Death."

Room 3 The only object in this room is a skeleton, which leans against the far wall. Mages used to study the negative material plane here. Anyone entering the room will lose two hit points per round they stay. Anyone going below 0 hit points becomes a spectre. This was the fate of the mage whose skeleton remains behind. The mage is now a spectre, and it will attack anyone who

walks into the room. The spectre cannot leave this room.

Spectre (1): Int High; AL LE; AC 2; MV 15, FL 30 (B); HD 7+3; hp 40; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA Energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR Special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 3,000.

This spectre cannot be turned.

Room 4 On first inspection this room appears to be empty. Once inside, however, the victims hear the door slam behind them. The room begins to fill with poisonous gas. The gas remains for five rounds. Characters in the room must save vs. poison for each of those five rounds or die. Characters can break out of the room by knocking the door down, which takes a combined strength of 24. The door can be picked from the outside. However, if the door is opened while the poison gas is present, characters on the outside must also save vs. poison or take 12 points of damage.

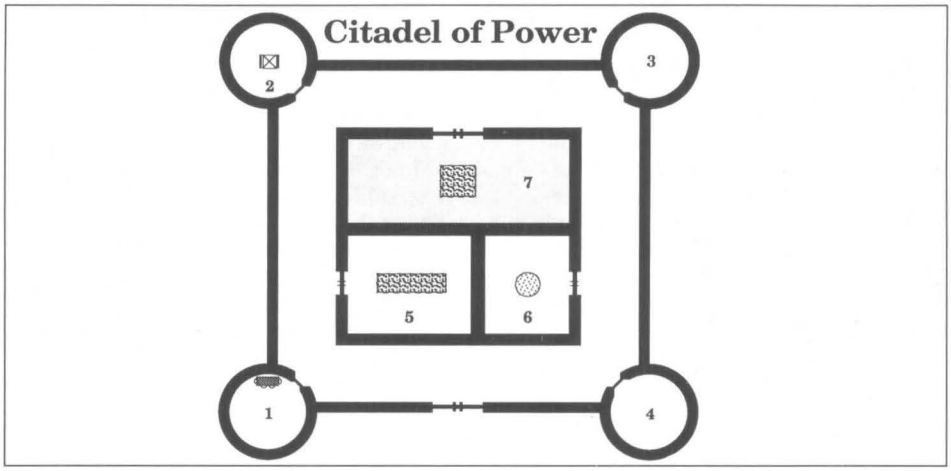
Room 5 "Room of the Elders" Inside is a long, solid marble tablet that the city elders would sit around during meetings. To insure that none of the elders attacked each other during heated disagreements, the room was magicked. Anyone entering the room will have all of his or her magic items "demagicked" for two hours (the usual length of the meeting). At the end of the two hours the items return to full power.

Room 6 In the center of the room is a small pool of clear water. Dust surrounds the pool. The water serves as a pool of scrying that works the same as a *crystal ball.* Through this pool, a magic user can scry upon anything he is familiar with that is within a 1,000 mile radius. However, the mage must know the command words: Magi Supremous.

Room 7 The Legacy

As you walk through these enormous wood and iron double doors, a brilliant flash of blue-white light fills the air. To your surprise, you are not blinded. The light seems to be directed upward through a glass-like dome that covers the center of the room. A marble slab on which rests a faintly-glowing rod and a glowing red gem is in the middle of the room. A mirror covers the floor.

As you puzzle over your surroundings, you note your weapons begin to glow with an eerie light. Suddenly,



the brilliant light in the air begins to flash again.

The light is produced by Nimbus, the guardian of the inner chamber. Nimbus attacks if the PCs get within 10 feet of the slab.

Nimbus: Int Animal; AL Neutral; AC 2; MV 48; HD 8; hp 55; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 5-30; SA Lightning bolt; SD Spell immunity, +1 weapon needed to hit; SZ S; ML 14; XP 2,000.

Nimbus is a creature from the Quasi-elemental plane of lightning. It has been the guardian of the inner chambers for 600 years. Nimbus sends bolts of lightning streaking toward the sky in what appears to be a tribute of some kind. The creature's favorite method of attack is to surround its victim with a *St. Elmo's Fire*, a ball of energy that delivers an electrical charge of 5-30 points of damage. If the victim is wearing metal armor, Nimbus has a +2 bonus to hit. It can use this attack four times a day. The Nimbus also can cast *lightning bolts* once per round; these bolts do 2-12 points of damage, save vs. breath weapon for half damage.

Nimbus can be hit only with +1 or better weapons, and anyone attacking it with a metal weapon suffers 1-4 points of damage and has a 25% chance of dropping the weapon because of the shock. Lightning and electrical attacks regenerate 3-12 points to the creature, poison and acids do no damage, fire-and cold-based spells do normal damage. Water based spells do double damage. Nimbus is immune to all mind-altering spells.

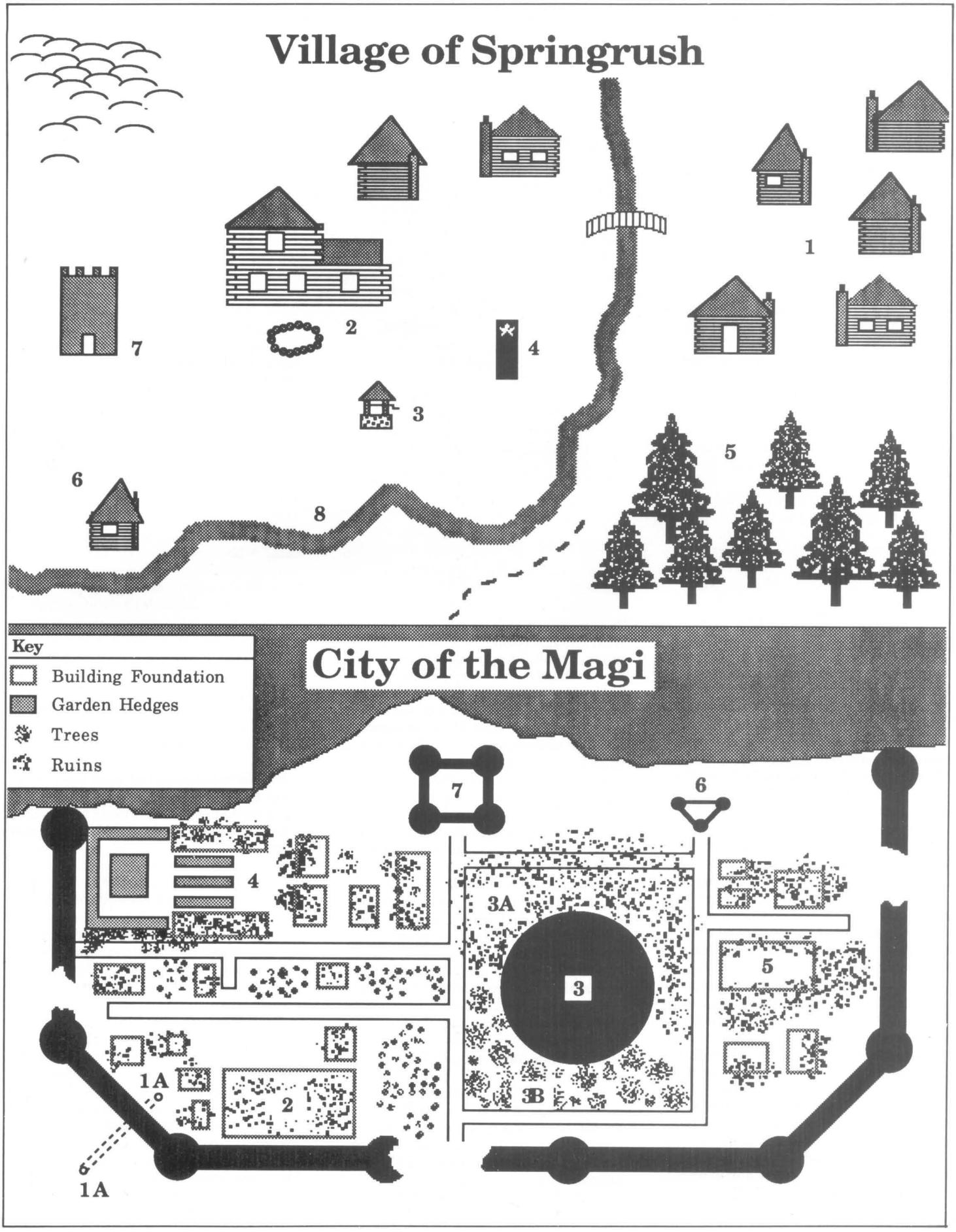
Because the air in the room is highly charged with static electricity, spellcasters cannot cast spells (proper concentration is impossible). However, spells can be cast from the doorway.

If Nimbus is destroyed, the PCs can examine the room. They can find a rod on the slab, along with the gem. They also can see scorch marks on the marble slab and dried blood near the slab on the mirrored floor. Phanto's soul is trapped, via a *trap the soul* spell, in the glowing red gem on the marble slab. The only ways to help Phanto is to have a high level wizard, such as the executor of her uncle's will, reverse the spell, or to break the gem, which will also free her. If the PCs inspect the gem, they see an outline of a person in it. This is actually a flaw in the gem. *Telepathy* allows them to talk to Phanto, *ESP* allows them to sense some form of life in the gem. Phanto does not know how she can be freed from the gem.

If the PCs are able to communicate with the gnome, she tells them she traveled here, upset about her uncle's death; she really was not paying attention to where she was going. However, she realizes she should have left the scroll alone that was laying on the slab in this room. Reading the scroll put her in the gem.

If the PCs return Phanto to the wizard, whether in her actual body or in her gem, they will get their reward.

However, if the characters are not able to find Phanto, or do not make the connection between the gem and Phanto, they will not succeed in their mission. Eventually, the wizard will go looking for Phanto himself. ❑


Village of Springrush
1
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Key
Building Foundation
Garden Hedges
Trees
Ruins
City of the Magi
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1A
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3A
3B
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The Living Galaxy

The Alienization of Alien Nations

by Roger E. Moore

Mr. Spock, in the *Star Trek* TV episodes, had a philosophy that every game master of a science-fiction role-playing game should follow: IDIC, or Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations. In a game-oriented sense, this means that in a big universe there ideally should be variety in everything from starships to people to planets. Every world the player characters visit should be unique; something is wrong if every farflung alien culture looks like Milwaukee.

In the vast majority of SF literature and gaming campaigns, it is assumed that the immense distances that separate star systems will force every world to develop separately from all others. Some problems involved in creating many world cultures at once were discussed here in POLYHEDRON™ issue #52. Stereotypes, brainstorming, and "mold breaking" were offered as ways to invent novel world cultures to entertain your SFRPG players. But sometimes special descriptive elements are lacking. No matter how different each world is or how strange its cultures are, sometimes a world simply doesn't seem *alien enough.* You have to find specific ways to show the players how vast and unpredictable the galaxy is.

When I was in the U.S. Army a decade ago, I traveled through what was then West Germany and met lots of people. On the surface, West Germany was not entirely unlike the United States—but when you saw it up close, it was very different indeed. I was an outsider, one who did not fit in with local society and customs. I was out of place when I went to stores or restaurants. I didn't speak any language but English, and the way I dressed and acted marked me as a foreigner. It was exciting, but it was a little uncomfortable and nerve wracking, too. I was (forgive me) a stranger in a strange land.

How much stranger, then, must be the worlds to which a starship crew journeys. How much more out of place must the crewmen feel when they step into the unfamiliar sunlight of a new world, to confront people who call this strange world home.

The sense of strangeness that the PCs feel upon landing on a new world can be as important as any other element in the adventure. If you have several planets or colonies that your PCs are likely to visit during a science-fiction campaign, spend some time developing them further to heighten their novelty during actual role-playing. As a GM, you can "alienize" each culture the PCs visit by focusing on two elements when you tell the players about that world:

1. What the PCs discover about the world through their five senses; and

2. What the PCs discover through social interactions with the locals.

See Me, Hear Me, Touch Me. . . .

For each planetary culture that you are "alienizing," take out a blank sheet of paper and jot down the five senses (sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch), with enough room below each to make notes. Think for a moment, then write down what the PCs are most likely to notice through each sense that will make that world and its culture different from most others. Pick out elements that the players are not likely to expect, things that might make the players (and thus their PCs) excited, awestruck, nervous, thoughtful, hesitant, puzzled, or fearful.

Game masters who are adept at running campaigns based on Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* game might already know some of the tricks involved in drawing an emotional reaction (specifically fear) from players and their characters. Unexpected noises, ghastly odors, unearthly visions, and the blood-chilling touch of a cold, slimy tentacle are familiar descriptive tools of such GMs. Input from the five senses can be masterfully used to make *Call of Cthulhu* adventures come to life (if that is the proper phrase to use for this particular game).

These same sensory descriptions are equally vital in SFRPGs, but they should produce a much wider range of reactions. Consider the senses when applied to an alien planet and its people:

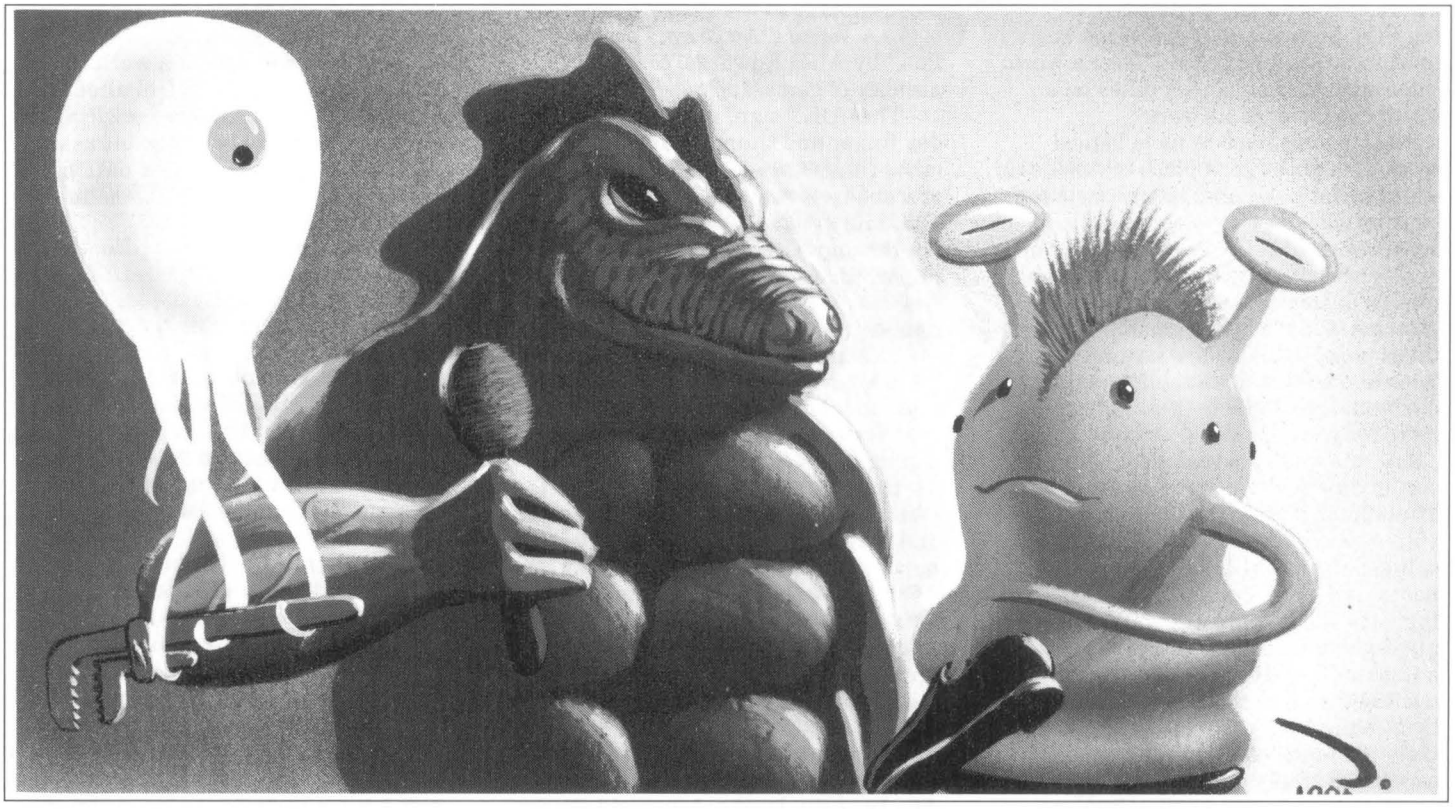
Sight: What color is this planet's sky? What color is the sun? Are there clouds? What do the locals look like, and how do they dress? What do most local buildings and cities look like? What do the landscape, flora, and fauna look like? What colors stand out? Are things bright or dark because of the position of the world and its sun? Pick two or three particularly intense visual images that you personally associate with this world, and describe those scenes. What would be the most terrifying scene the PCs might encounter? What would be the most beautiful and awe-inspiring scene? What about the most boring or disliked scene? Describe the physical appearance of three major local NPCs and of the world's starport.

Hearing: How do the local people talk? What language are they using? Are their voices melodious, nasal, gutteral, loud, soft, or otherwise distinctive? Do they talk a lot or very little? What noises do their animals make? What do their cities and machines sound like? What does the weather sound like? What noises can you hear at the starport during the day and night? What sounds serve as warnings of danger? What will PCs hear if they walk through a city? Does silence have a special significance?

Smell: What does the local food smell like? Do the locals wear perfume or burn incense? What do their cities smell like? Do the locals themselves have any particular odor? What does the air smell like in the countryside? Are there flowers or scented plants? Do the local animals have distinctive odors? Do the people wash things a lot and use disinfectants, or do they prefer or ignore strong odors? Do certain smells have special social meanings, as with certain perfumes? Are there certain smells that serve as warnings of danger?

Taste: How does the local food taste? Do the people serve particular spices with their food? What do they drink? Do they use water with minerals, chlorine, or other substances in it? Does the air itself have a particular taste when breathed, as a result of pollution or airborne dusts, gases, or smoke? Are certain local foods hard to digest or do they taste especially good or bad?

Touch: How heavy is the local gravity? What do the temperature and



weather feel like? How fast is the wind? What does local clothing feel like when worn? Do the animals have a particular feel to them if touched? Do the locals have wide personal spaces around them, so that they rarely if ever touch visitors? Or do the locals have narrow personal spaces, liking to talk with visitors practically touching noses, and with frequent body contact (hands on shoulders, handshakes, arms linked together, etc.)? Are there particular barriers to touching (only like sexes may touch, only lower-class people touch a lot, etc.)?

This sounds like a lot to consider, but the more you do to make the environment distinctive, the more strongly the players will react to your adventures. True, it helps to avoid overloading the PCs with sensory information on their first visit to a world; no one notices everything. Break your list of sensory information down into two categories:

1. **First impressions:** What immediately strikes the PCs the moment they walk off their starship?

2. **Second impressions:** What will the PCs notice given a few hours or days to look around?

If your PCs spend a lot of time on a particular world, remember that people habituate—that is, they grow used to certain stimuli (powerful odors, light and temperature conditions, etc.) and over long periods of time will cease to notice them. Newly arrived PCs will be immediately aware that everyone in the city of Skyfall Violet has a fishy smell, because the city is a major fishing port and everyone there eats fish. A few months later, the PCs will not notice the smell—but if they leave the world for a few weeks and then return, they'll notice that smell again.

Consider the powerful sensory images present in the science-fiction film, *Bladerunner* (if you haven't seen this film before, rent it on video as soon as possible!). You see bursts of flame illuminate the night sky of a futuristic Los Angeles, gaze at monolithic buildings like high-tech pyramids, and watch peculiar Oriental advertisements flash on gigantic floating screens, giving off indecipherable messages. You feel the everpresent rain that drums down across the city. You hear unfamiliar music and noises drift through the darkness, and you almost smell and taste the foods being prepared in streetside shops. The images are often disturbing and frightening, but they create awe as well as fear, excitement as well as discomfort.

This is the sort of imagery you want to present in your science-fiction role-playing campaigns to the players. You want them to remember that planet as if they'd been there themselves.

It's All In The Mind

What the five senses tell the PCs is one thing. But these are surface impressions. In order to be truly alien, a world's people must be a little alien themselves. You need to fiddle with the culture as well as with the planet's environment.

A world should have a number of customs and attitudes unique to its people. The customs need not be totally bizarre, but the people should have some basic beliefs and ways of doing things that don't jibe with what the PCs (actually, the players) know and do. Social behaviors should be deeply ingrained and perfectly obvious to the locals, even though they themselves might not know where such customs came from. (Do you know why people say, "Gimme five!" and slap their palms together? You probably don't, but you've probably done it anyway.) A people's attitudes and beliefs might be so widely accepted that the people are not even

aware of their own prejudices. The visiting PCs, however, may find such customs to be strange indeed. Give a world some odd customs, and it takes on a weird character of its own.

Odd customs need to have logical roots, though. A good place to dredge up weird social behaviors is any basic textbook on sociology or anthropology. I have a copy of William Graham Sumner's *Folkways* in paperback, and the wealth of strange social mores and customs it holds is staggering. The book takes pains to show how strange customs and beliefs have their roots in fairly understandable (if sometimes incredibly awful) ideas.

An example from real-world history (out of Sumner's *Folkways)* should help: The women of Venice at the end of the 16th century often wore odd shoes called patins, which had blocks underneath and were 2′ high. A woman wearing such shoes could not walk without having two maids assist her. A visiting ambassador commented that shoes would be more convenient, but was told by a counselor, "Only too convenient! Only too much so!" At least one observer felt that the use of patins was encouraged by local husbands; Venetians of this period were said to be jealous and distrustful of women, as well as fashion conscious and frivolous. What better way to keep one's spouse in line than to control her activities and limit her independence by the very clothes she wore! You get the idea of how complicated even a ridiculous custom can turn out to be.

A quote by the Dutch Renaissance scholar Erasmus is given in *Folkways*'s section on fashions in dress: "The fact is that nothing is so ridiculous that usage may not make it pass." But not all odd customs are silly ones, even if they take a few moments to understand. Greenland Eskimoes, reports Sumner, laughed when they were offered coins made of gold and silver; they wanted things made of steel, which would survive the harsh environment of the Arctic. We hate the institution of slavery today, but in primitive societies, the custom of slavery is actually an improvement on the basic codes of warfare; defeated soldiers and citizens, rather than being put to death, are put to work by the victors.

Other good sources of "odd" customs are foreign travel guides. Many of these have special sections telling tourists what sorts of things they should and should not do in other countries. A recent article in the July/August issue of *AAA World* ("Avoiding Foreign Faux Pas," by Alice Edwards) contains a number of gems, such as these:

—The "OK" sign, made with the index finger and thumb touching while other fingers are extended, is considered obscene in Brazil and impolite in the U.S.S.R.

—Bowing is a very complicated and important social ritual in Japan, and Americans (who usually like to shake hands) can easily offend their hosts.

—Kissing is unthinkable in Asia, and even in Switzerland it is considered bad taste to kiss a friend.

—Clocks are a symbol of death in Japan, and so would make poor gifts.

—Red roses are never given as gifts in Western Europe except between lovers and very close family friends. Also, never give flowers in even numbers.

With a little imagination, a science-fiction role-playing GM could decide that stock phrases that a PC group uses are in unbearably bad taste in certain countries (such as "Hot jets!" in a nation recently bombed by jets). If PCs have certain ways of doing things, the GM can prey upon these mannerisms to develop some local habits and beliefs that would be offended by the PCs' actions.

Carefully crafted social customs and ideas can make a seemingly normal planet into a nightmare for naive spacefarers. All that you need to do is to craft a society that catches the imagination of the players and challenges them with its difficulties. The customs you choose should have some basis in local history, legend, or social behaviors. If the pilot of a starship leaves his ship before anyone else does, one world's people might think of him as cowardly, while another world's people would see him as adventurous and commanding. Why? If you think of the reasons why a custom exists, it will give you lots of ideas on creating other local customs—as well as some possible insights into what the local inhabitants are like.

Don't forget people's reactions to certain symbols and words, too. Perhaps the emblem of the merchant guild to which the PCs belong is stenciled on the outside of their starship. This emblem, an open hand, might draw the same reaction on one world as a swastika would in modern Europe, America, or the Soviet Union; on another world, the symbol might be regarded as one of good luck or openness; on yet another, it would be considered in bad taste, as one is not supposed to advertise those with whom one has business dealings.

The senses will reveal a world to look, sound, smell, taste, and feel alien. But real "alienness" comes from within. A human nation can be every bit as alien and bizarre as a nonhuman nation, and a good GM can bring this home to those who roam the living galaxy.

By the way. . . .

A few minor notes have begun to accumulate on my computer desk at home about some previous columns:

1. In POLYHEDRON issue #51, I incorrectly noted that deliberately created false information was called "misinformation." It is actually called "disinformation." You were misinformed—sorry!

2. I overlooked yet another type of unmanned satellite in the two-part series that ran in issues #54-55: the sports satellite, an unmanned spacecraft used in recreational competitions, particularly races. For example, a fleet of unmanned spacecraft could be built by several nations and organizations for the purpose of racing to another planet and returning home. Perhaps the contestants might be judged on the quality of scientific information they gather during the race as well as on their speeds. Spacecraft might race to be the first to retrieve soil samples from a distant planet or moon, or to photograph a given feature on a world within a certain distance from the world itself. Such sports vehicles could then double as science satellites, particularly as scouts and engineering test vehicles.

One more note: What topics would you like to see covered in this column? Do you find this information useful in your science-fiction campaign? What sorts of game-mastering tactics have you found useful in science-fiction role-playing? I'd like to know! Write to: Roger E. Moore, c/o POLYHEDRON™ Newszine, P.O. Box 515, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A. Maybe your idea will appear in a future edition of "The Living Galaxy."

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With Great Power

"Hey—This Next One'll Kill Ya!"

by Steven E. Schend

This month, I thought I'd bring in the spirit of April Fool's Day and present a villain suited for the event. This fellow you're about to meet is equally at home playing the fool as playing the cold-blooded killer. His nails and knives are as sharp as his wit, and make sure you laugh at all his jokes!

Harlequin can be played as an insane, foolish villain out to humiliate heroes and have fun while doing it. He can also be a harsh nemesis, impossible to predict and difficult to stop when he's on a rampage; Harlequin doesn't play by the laws of the city. The only logic he follows is his own, and his logic is in short supply.

Keep the letters coming in and let me know what you think of Harlequin. I'd like some feedback on what you want to see—more new heroes and villains, or plots, sub-plots, and scenarios for the MARVEL SUPER HEROES™ game. 'Til next time . . .

Patient Record #JG-975683-5427-1A

Mr. Roger Tyson—Case Study Patient
Classification: Schizophrenic Paranoid with Persistent Fantasy Identity (*Harlequin*);
Considered Dangerous—Physical Restraints Recommended.

Dr. Rachel Echaus, Attending Physician

Initial Patient Observation and Interview: 13 October 1990

Patient is led in by two orderlies, his arms bound in a straightjacket. He talks animatedly to his escorts, telling bawdy jokes regarding his latest killing spree. He smiles and begins to giggle at the obvious discomfort of the orderlies; his malicious reaction is a clear sign of some awareness of his personal actions and a social response to those actions. Contrary to Dr. Joseph's theories, lack of self-awareness of his immediate reality is far from Mr. Tyson's problem.

Mr. Tyson is settled in a chair across from me, his eyes looking me over a number of times. He has, at this time, become quiet, almost passive, as he stares at me. His features are disturbing from a close perspective; his remarkable appearance takes many people aback at first glance. When people view him up close, they suddenly realize these features are not the result of makeup. His skin seems a purplish-gray tone everywhere, save the left side of his face which is bleached of all color. His hair is a deep black with an odd highlight of blue, worn long and reaching six inches past his shoulders. His eyes are most remarkable: at the current time, his eyes are completely white—no visible pupils or irises. Examinations show that his eyes change to a dark blue when he is emotionally excited or stressed.

Enclosed is a doctor's examination detailing the extreme physical variations of Mr. Tyson's body. From the data collected therein, as well as from my own observations, I must disclaim any theories that this man is a mutant—a specific and easily delineated visible mutation (the left side of his face) never has been found among variant physical mutations. I concur with Dr. Mathus' hypothesis that some random chemical mutagens altered Mr. Tyson's body to its current state; unfortunately, she cannot isolate the random mutagens in his body to possibly return him to normal. It is our current theory that these chemical mutagens are the main contributing factor to Mr. Tyson's psychoses. Until that time, it is imperative that Mr. Tyson be kept here under close watch. I am to be his physician during this time, and I shall try to bring Mr. Tyson to at least a more controllable level of sanity.

I look up from my notes and find him staring at me with his soulless eyes, a wide emotionless grin on his face. He immediately begins to rock himself back and forth, singing limericks filled with sexual innuendos about me; he's attempting to take control of the sessions from the start. These sessions will not be easy on either of us. I shall now turn over videotapes and transcripts of our interview. Mr. Tyson is a fascinating case study, and certainly one most in need of our help; I am sure I will not succumb to his persuasive arguments for insanity over reason as did my predecessor, Dr. Josephs.

"Why, good afternoon, doctor! And what a fine doctor you are. Anytime you wish, my dear, we can play doctor all you want! My, isn't it nice to be back among padded walls, padded heads, and padded paper? I do love the outside, but this place has ambiance all its own! You know, I met up with my old chum Dr. Josephs today, and he seemed in a most lucid frame of mind . . . perhaps it was just the light glinting off his shining scalp."

"Mr. Tyson, I'd li—. . . ."

'T'm not Tyson! I'm the Harlequin!

[Patient has involuntarily stiffened in his chair, his arms tensing and pulling away from his chest despite the restraints. Eyes are immediately shifting to blue. Despite the presence of orderlies, it is best to just avoid agitation of the patient unless behind a protective screen. Patient clears throat and begins again.]

*"*Ahem* Pardon me for the outburst, but we just simply can't stand to be confused with our dearly departed Roger. 'Tis a failing of mine, I admit it, Rachel. I may call you Rachel, can't I? Of course I can. We're going to be great friends, I can tell. Oh joy, you seem so much more at ease than Edgar ever was—perhaps you were raised in a more tolerant era than he and able to appreciate the grand concepts of true comedy. Imagine! The man absolutely worshipped the theater, but he never truly appreciated the intricacies and subtle dramatic nuances of the all-mighty Marx Brothers or that immortal trinity—Moe, Larry, and Curly! The only true art we could agree on was the French* fabliau,*though Edgar certainly never saw the grand truth that this was life as it truly was! The poor fuddy-dud, now he only agrees with me in form, not function. What's that, you ask? Why, I'll tell you, yes I will—my goodness, where are my manners? Here I sit, chattering my lavender face off, and I don't let the lovely doctor get a*

word in edgewise! Well, I stand . . . er, sit . . . chastised! Speak your peace, milady, that we may bask in the melodious and sweet sounds of thy voice as it caresses the air . . ."

"Well, uh, Harlequin, you certainly can be a charmer. Could you tell—"

"Oh, my heart, it flutters 'way beyond the clouds! Would that I were a swallow to follow it! Thank you for the compliment, Rachel my dear, I'll treasure our times together always. But, now that we're growing so close, I'll need to know more about you. Have to ask, you know, just so we can get Mother's approval before the wedding. Now, where did you come from? Your mother, right? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Oh, Harlequin boy, you're such a card! But seriously, darling, where did you go to school? Are you married? What am I saying? Of course not—our fates are intertwined, and dear Rachel has waited o'er the years for our meeting. She cannot have wed another for she loves me, of course! Don't you, dear? Now, let's hurry off to pick out the china and silver patterns. Oh dear, I must have time to work on my jokes for the wedding! Do you think a November ceremony would be lovely out on the lawn?"

[Patient would not sit still or allow any coherent questioning. Session canceled after an additional ½ hour with little constructive therapy occurring. Further transcripts will be edited, containing only sections relevant to therapy.]

Harlequin

F	EX(20)
A	UN(100)
S	EX(20)
E	IN(40)
R	PR(4)/ formerly EX(20)
I	RM(30)
P	IN(40)
HEALTH:	180
KARMA:	74
RESOURCES:	FE(2)
POPULARITY:	−15

Real Name: Roger Tyson
Occupation: Former chemist, former comedian, professional criminal
Legal Status: Citizen of the U.S. with a criminal record; declared legally insane
Identity: Known to local and federal law enforcement officials and mental health practitioners in Wisconsin
Place of Birth: Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Marital Status: Single
Known Relatives: No known living relatives
Base of Operations: Mobile
Past Group Affiliations: None
Present Group Affiliations: None

KNOWN POWERS:

Regeneration: Harlequin regains 40 points of Health each minute, or 4 points per turn, if he is allowed to rest.

Leaping: Harlequin has Amazing leaping abilities, covering 50′ per leap.

Lightning Speed: Harlequin can move at up to eight areas per round, accelerating to Amazing speed within one round.

Body Armor: Harlequin's body can become malleable, effecting Excellent Body Armor for physical impacts; his pliable form also allows him to easily bounce away.

"Cream Pies": Harlequin generates and throws cream pies with impunity. These pies induce a variety of Sensory Alteration effects upon impact with a victim's face. Body Armor is ineffective against Harlequin's pies unless it prevents any part of the pie from contact with the victim's skin, mouth, or nose. The target must make an Endurance feat roll against Excellent Intensity. Failure indicates any of the following effects:

- Blindness—the victim is blinded for 1d20 rounds.
- Fear/Illusionary hallucinations—the target is afraid of illusionary objects, people, or scenarios, and will flee in panic as quickly as possible. The hallucinations last for 3d12 rounds.
- Humor—The victim suddenly bursts into fits of giggling and laughing. The target will not attack, but sits happily laughing for 2d12 rounds. During this time, the target feels no pain even if attacked.
- Sleep—the target immediately falls asleep for 1d20 rounds.
- Paralysis—victims are paralyzed, and incapable of any physical action for 2d12 rounds. This pie effect does not inhibit any mental powers from functioning.

TALENTS: *Scientist-Chemist*

CONTACTS: None known

ADDITIONAL NOTES:

ROLE-PLAYING NOTES: Harlequin is best played off-the-cuff. He does not plan or think about his actions. He simply reacts to impulses, whether good or bad. There is never rhyme nor reason to his actions, but there is always the insistence on having the spotlight and making people laugh. If people don't laugh, he'll give them something to "laugh" about.

HISTORY

Roger Tyson was employed with a chemical research firm as a chemist with a background in the identification and study of controlled substances. On his own time, Tyson aspired to a career as a stand-up comedian, a calling to which he was miserably suited. The origin of his identity as the Harlequin is unknown at the current time, though his first appearance coincides with the disappearance of Roger Tyson. as well as an indeterminate amount of experimental pain-killing drugs and other controlled substances.

Harlequin first came to the public's attention in 1989 when he embarked on a ten-day killing spree, slashing peoples' throats from ear to ear and cheerfully bounding away over the rooftops. At this time, Harlequin was simply a man in a medieval jester's costume with a domino mask on his face and a razor in his hand. He was apprehended by local heroes in Madison, Wisconsin, and committed to the Mendotta Mental Health Institute. His defense at the time of his arrest was that "the fools wouldn't laugh at my jokes, but they're all smiling now!"

After his committal to the hospital, Harlequin was identified as Tyson, but refused to answer to any name other than Harlequin. During his eight month stay, his body went through a number of inexplicable changes. His muscles grew at tremendous rates until stabilizing at the level of an Olympic athlete. His skin pigmentation radically changed to a purplish-gray tone, except the left side of his face which bleached itself of all color, becoming stark white. Though he did not register in any previous tests as a mutant, he had a supranormal ability to leap great distances and land just as easily. As his body mutated further, he began exhibiting

Continued on page 31

The Everwinking Eye

Adventures in Maskyr's Eye

by Ed Greenwood

"It was a thrill, my first handful of gold. More coin than most men ever see in a lifetime of toil! Beautiful, gleaming gold, worked in delicate designs of lost Myth Drannor! Heavy and soft in my fingers as I turned them over and over . . . it was a joy, that night! And I had won all this with the strength of my own wits and swordarm!

"The next gold gave me a brief pleasure—I'd done it again! Soon, though, the gold, the silver, even the gems failed to excite. I began to understand the hunger of older warriors after magic. At least it carried its own dangers, its own living, waiting thrill.

"For me, adventure grew stale. When I look back now, 'tis not the great triumphs I recall, not the evil dragon dying under my blade, or the lich crumbling to dust as we fought—'tis the laughter of friends around a campfire, and the feel of my first gold in my fingers. Not because they were gold, but because they were MINE."

Szuszalan "The Warrior Maid"; from Walking On a Swordblade, *Year of the Dragon*

Szuszalan is the founder of The Company of The Fiery Fane and member of the famous Circle of Steel all-female adventuring band. She is now an aging crone who lives in Goldenfields as a friend and adviser to Tolgar Anuvien. Her words stress the importance—and the fleeting glory and enjoyment—of adventures. In our AD&D® campaigns as in Faerun, adventures can soon grow pale.

"Hmm," said Elminster, as he peered over my shoulder at my computer screen (not for the first time). "Ye realize what ye've done, ye great galoot, d'ye not?"

"Not," I agreed diplomatically, raising my eyebrows slowly, one after another (a trick I learned from Elminster; it still *irritates him to have someone else do it back at him). He scowled, and poked the end of my nose with a very sharp finger.*

"No clever games, ye slyest of scribes! Ye've gone and given these readers of thine a tame campaign setting! These cruel sorts ye call DMs can start characters in the Eye, and now ye're feeding them adventures, to boot! D'ye realize thy responsibility, *man?"*

"Which heavy responsibility would that be?," I asked cautiously."

"Why, they'll have to have the rulebook ye did with Jeff Grubb to know the first thing about Mulmaster, or Calaunt—or get the Network module LC1 Gateway to Ravens Bluff *to explore The Living City. They'll even need the* next *Network module (*LC2 Inside Ravens Bluff*) to know their ways about the Vast! What aid are ye planning to give poor beleaguered Dungeon Masters, I'd like to know, when they've used the piddling pair of adventures ye gave them last time?"*

"Ah," I said nonchalantly. "Well, actually, ye—oops, sorry: you—remember what I told you about tape recorders? (Hem.) Yes. I have the rest of the adventures you told me about here, and in this column I thought I'd give them to those poor beleaguered DMs you mentioned—hence the intro you interrupted. Next time, we'll ride north to Mulmaster and spend a few columns looking around there. That'll give them at least one city to explore."

"Aye, good, then. That's one city as can keep anyone busy for a time! And after?"

"We might set sail across the Moonsea and take a look around. If a DM needs challenges for mighty Player Characters, there's always Zhentil Keep. . . ."

Elminster's dirty chuckle matched my own. We sat and chuckled together for a while.

"Ye sly rogue," he said, at last. "I've watched ye sliding Realmslore in along the way, thus far—but don't forget there's things to be talked about that can't be done in some sort of campaign setting or endless travelogue!"

"Of course," I replied, hand on heart. "How, given your most gentle of incentives, can I forget? We'll get to diverse topics (and answering queries) soon enough, I swear!" Elminster nodded, winked, lit that incredible pipe of his—and was gone. Whew. On with the column, folks:

Ssuntyr's Revenge

The wizard Ssuntyr was not killed when he was driven from Maskyr's Eye (see issue #57). Ssuntyr was wounded, but escaped to a hidden sanctuary in the mountains near Kurth, where with the aid of potions he healed himself. The regeneration of his hand, nearly severed in the fracas, took a long time to arrange, and cost him dearly. For some years he was forced to adventure and to work magic for hire (in Westgate, Iriaebor, and Teziir, under various assumed names). Now that he is a much more experienced wizard he has decided to work his revenge on the folk of the vale.

Disguised by *polymorph* magic to appear as a traveling seed merchant, Ssuntyr will come to stay at the inn, and begins carefully and patiently murdering vale folk; employing *magic missiles, invisibility* and a number of *feather tokens* of his own devising that bestow temporary magical *silence* upon the user. When his spells run out, he hides in the woods until they are replenished. When on the prowl, he watches from rooftops and atop the stone walls, cloaked by *invisibility*, and tries to slay as many of the older villagers (his contemporaries) as possible before being discovered. He confronts each when alone if possible.

His use of concealment and the timing of his attacks (just after the PCs arrive at the otherwise quiet inn) will cause suspicion to fall on the PCs, and hostile locals may well hamper PC efforts to uncover the identity of the murderer.

Ssuntyr should be at least two levels higher than the level of the strongest PC in the party, or seventh level, whichever is greater. The spells he has memorized should include *hold portal, magic missile* (x3) *invisibility* (x2), *web, fly, haste,* and *dimension door.* He also has the following spells on scrolls (one spell to a scroll): *dispel magic* (x3), *polymorph other* (x2), *polymorph self, remove curse* and *wizard eye.*

Ssuntyr wears a *ring of the ram* with 36 charges left, bears a *wand of fireballs* with 16 charges left, and also wears a *ring of protection* +6 (+1 on saving throws). At his belt are two *potions of extra-healing.*

The DM must play Ssuntyr with careful cunning. The wizard tries to avoid detection, and to frame the PCs, with cold efficiency. He patiently waits for

the best chance to slay his chosen victims. He knows that Khonduil has some connection with, or knowledge of, Maskyr's magic (see issue #56), and will want to learn all he can before slaying the cleric. He saves this killing until last to ensure that he can learn everything in an unhurried interrogation, and can search for the mage's magic unhampered.

Carnage On The High Road

Brigands begin to prey on travelers on the road just north of Maskyr's Eye, harrying small groups with arrows from the trees and then emerging both ahead and behind on the trail to slay their trapped quarry in a deadly hail of shafts. No one knows who they are—none survive their attacks—or exactly where they lair. Vultures and carrion-feeding undead begin to gather in the area.

Large caravans and groups of warriors or adventurers are left unmolested, and no traces that lead to any lair can be found.

Individual traders, messengers, pilgrims and minstrels (perhaps including someone who has tutored, aided or befriended the PCs) on the road are simply wiped out. They are found dead on the road, full of arrows. All food and valuables have been taken from the victims, but no mounts or prisoners.

The raiders must post alert lookouts, because no one has ever come upon them plundering a slain victim. They also seem to have eyes and ears in nearby settlements, as no trap laid for them ever has succeeded—they simply refuse the bait.

The Council of Maskyr's Eye has become worried enough to hire adventurers—the PCs—to undertake a large-scale hunt to track down and slay these brigands.

If the PCs accept, they will find trails—game trails, hunters' trails, woodcutters' walks, and the like—on both sides of the road. They cross and recross repeatedly in a seemingly endless network.

The brigands try to keep to these trails, moving around often to avoid detection. They are forty or so hardened, lawless men. Most are deserters from Zhentil Keep's armies or fugitives from Lashan's fallen army. They are well armed with bows and an array of hand weapons taken from victims on the road and in battles far away and some time ago.

They are led by a male drider (see Elf, Drow in the *Monstrous Compendium, Volume 2*) with 42 hit points, who has the spells and powers of a seventh level wizard, and fights with two axes or his bow and arrows.

In an encounter with PCs, the drider skillfully directs his men to place themselves in front of the PCs without being seen, and works himself around to the PCs' rear. If the PCs seem very strong, the brigands avoid combat, but if they can lead the PCs into an ambush—in one of the small ravines of the forest, for example, or into the boggy edge of The Flooded Forest—they will strike, using magic and arrows at long range for as long as possible before coming to swords' points.

If all else fails (e.g. if the PCs turn back without arriving in perilous terrain, or don't separate to search), the drider attempts to split the PCs up with a ruse—screaming in one place and then calling out for help in another area, or using magic to produce lights, sounds, and illusions.

If the party does scatter, the brigands fall on the smaller groups with ready swords, axes, and volleys of arrows (some perhaps tipped with sleep-inducing poison).

The brigands lair in an old mine to the east of the forests, in the foothills of the Giantspike Mountains. In the shallow tunnels they have stored much food and a variety of treasure—including a *wand of wonder*, which the drider will use against the PCs if chased this far. The band has prepared at least one rockfall trap.

If the PCs attack here, then fall back to attack the next day, or several hours later when reinforcements arrive, the brigands shift all their food and treasure out of the tunnels. They hide it under the piles of mine tailings, which are overgrown with all manner of noxious weeds, and leave the lair, hoping to take the PCs from behind and trap them in the tunnels.

Further Adventures

Play in the Maskyr's Eye area offers PCs a chance to explore the nearby mountain pass—and the remorhaz-haunted Glacier of the White Worm beyond, with its possible magical origin. The vast Flooded Forest to the southwest offers more adventures.

The mountains hold many abandoned dwarven mines, perhaps hiding gems and rich ores. Drow in the depths and orcs in the heights will compete with the PCs for this wealth—the same orcs that may at any time come boiling down through the pass in yet another great horde, to overwhelm the entire Vast (beginning with the PCs). If things grow too boring, Maskyr could always return to the vale to find PCs poking around the ruins of his beloved Tower.

Current Clack

* A brigand of some power is preying on overland trade in western Sembia, eastern Cormyr, and the southern Dales. The Black Blade, said to be a human female who has magic (or at least magic items) always appears masked. She has defeated no less than three war bands sent out to slay her. She is also believed to have killed all of The Company of the Torch (an adventuring band based in Starmantle) who came against her, and driven The Company of The Fire Shield (of Priapurl) into flight.

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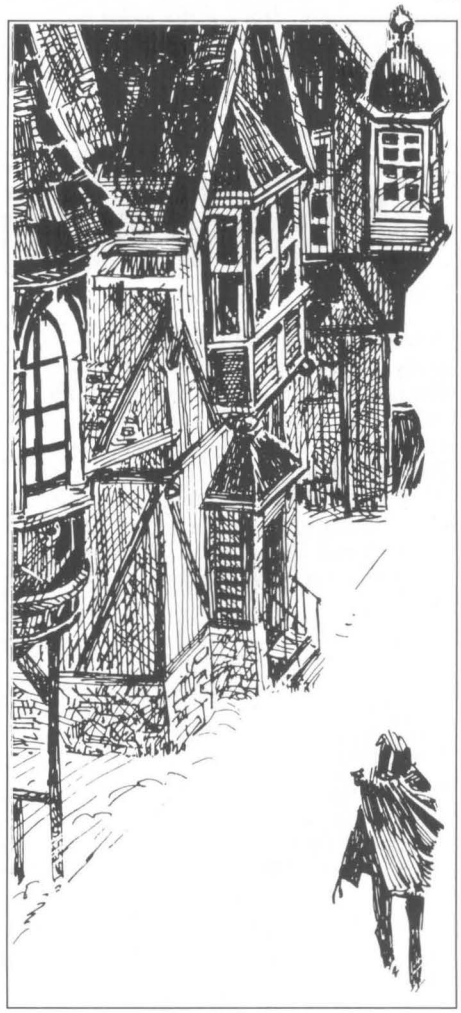


The Living City

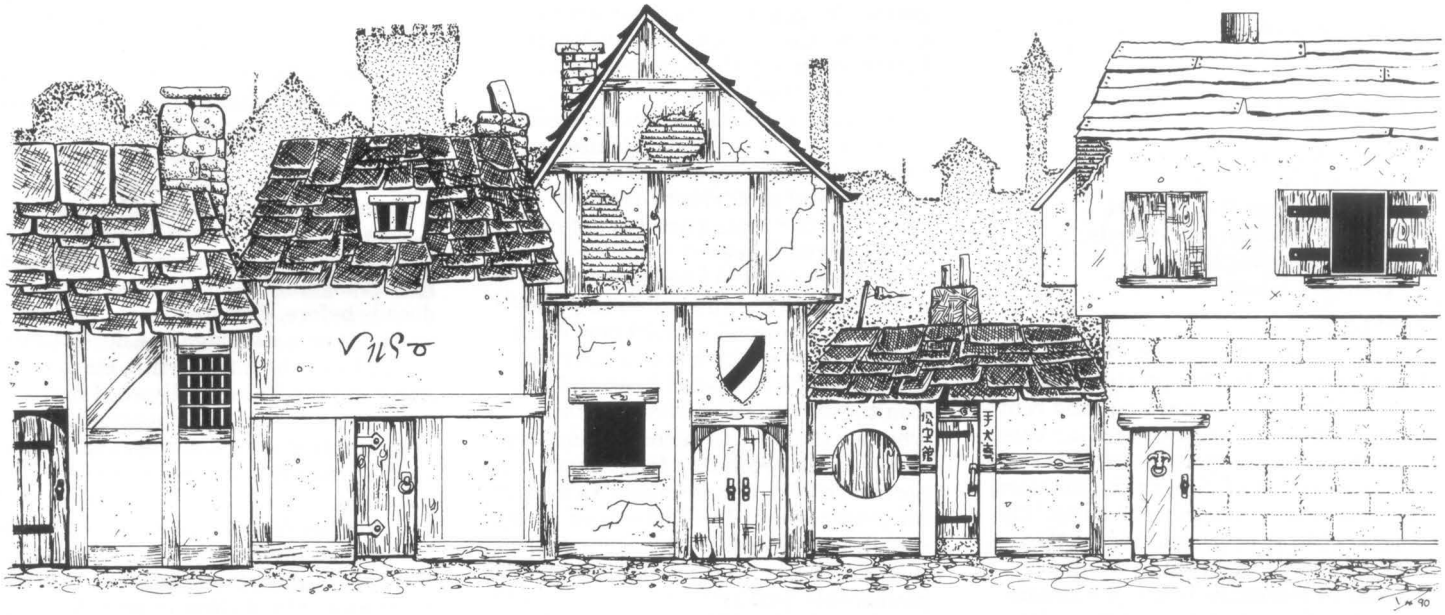
Of Wits and Wizards, A Logic Puzzle

by Rob Nicholls

Two minor, yet historically valuable magic items have been stolen from the Ravens Bluff city vaults and must be recovered before Vernon Condor, The Regent of the Exchequer, conducts an audit. Each robbery occurred at roughly the same time, indicating two different thieves. The only clues discovered were a few drops of spilt wine at one vault and an owl feather at the other. It is suspected (and confirmed with divinations) that the thieves are two of the wizards living in a group of houses called "Magician's Row." There is time enough to search only two houses and return the items before Condor, who is unaffectionately known as "the Vulture," begins his audit. The Vulture reputedly likes to send people who disappoint him off to the quarries to learn civic responsibilty. You'd very much like to provide him with the thieves so he'll have someone to be "disappointed with" other than you and your fellow guards. Knowing the following information, can you decide which two houses to search?

1. There are five houses in Magician's Row.
2. Norweg the Magnificent lives next to the blue house.
3. Panese the Excitable smokes Old Troll.
4. The wizard who smokes Saltweed lives next to the wizard with a crow familiar.
5. The Bittersage smoker drinks water.
6. The Dragonfire smoker lives next to the wizard with a black cat familiar.
7. Norweg the Magnificent lives in the first house.
8. The wizard who lives in the middle house drinks milk.
9. The Saltweed smoker lives in the yellow house.
10. The wizard who smokes Golden Sea has a toad familiar.
11. The green house is just to the right of the gray house.
12. The wizard who drinks coffee lives in the green house.
13. Ukran the Great drinks tea.
14. Paniar the Obese has a weasel familiar.
15. Glishman the Annoying lives in the red house.
16. Each wizard lives in a house of a different color, has a different familiar, smokes a different kind of tobacco, and has a different favorite drink.

The solution is printed upsidedown in the box below. ❑



❑

	Wizard	House Color	Familiar	Tobacco	Drink
HOUSE 1	Norweg	Yellow	Black Cat	Saltweed	Wine
HOUSE 2	Ukran	Blue	Crow	Dragonfire	Tea
HOUSE 3	Glishman	Red	Toad	Golden Sea	Milk
HOUSE 4	Paniar	Gray	Weasel	Bittersage	Water
HOUSE 5	Panese	Green	Owl	Old Troll	Coffee

Into The Dark

Your Ticket To The Movies

by James Lowder

Welcome to the first installment of a new column for POLYHEDRON™ Newszine. Each month, I'll be reviewing fantasy, sf, and horror videos that you should (and sometimes shouldn't) spend some time viewing. These films can be great springboards for your gaming campaigns, apart from being entertaining ways to pass the time. Even if you're not a couch potato, you'll find *Into the Dark* a useful guide to sources for new gaming ideas.

Before we get underway, though, I should give you some idea of the rating system used here. For those of you who read only the reviews of really great or excruciatingly poor films, I've put a handy-dandy five star rating after the technical data.

You can't get any better	*****
Entertaining and enjoyable	****
There are worse films	***
Wait for cable	**
A waste of good tape	*

MIRACLE MILE

1988, 87 Minutes
Hemdale/HBO Video
Director: Steve De Jarnatt
Starring: Anthony Edwards, Mare Winningham, Denise Crosby

******1/2**

Let's start this column off right, with a film that you should dash out and rent as soon as you're finished reading this magazine. Too few people saw this excellent science fiction film in the theaters, but you've got the chance to catch this winner now at your local video store.

From the clever opening credits, backed by a ghostly Tangerine Dream soundtrack, writer/director Steve De Jarnatt lets you know that he's going to tell a good story. This tale's hero, Harry Washello, likes jazz and hangs around museums. He seems well-educated and just an all around nice guy. At the start of *Miracle Mile*, Harry meets Julie, the girl of his dreams. De Jarnatt takes time to introduce these characters, played skillfully by Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham, and when the story gets moving, you care what happens to them.

What happens to them is like something out of the *Twilight Zone.*

Julie works nights in a diner, and Harry plans to meet her after work late one evening. Due to an ingeniously orchestrated mix-up, he misses her by four hours and finds himself stuck at the restaurant just before dawn. Then he answers the phone in front of the diner, thinking it's his dream girl. He couldn't be more wrong; the call is the closest thing you'll ever hear to a message from Hell.

The caller, you see, tells Harry that he's calling from a missile silo and that the U.S. has just fired its "nuclear wad." The Russian nukes should be coming back in about an hour.

The rest of the film is a masterful character study of both Harry Washello and the city of L.A. De Jarnatt fills his pre-dawn streets with small-time hoods, gun-wielding gas station attendants, and mysterious, even ominous figures. Foremost among these is Landa, a frigid, briefcase-toting woman who speed-reads the Cliffs Notes for *Gravity's Rainbow.* It is Landa (Denise Crosby) who seems to confirm the phone call's content and tries to organize an escape for the ragtag assortment of people in the diner.

But De Jarnatt is careful to undermine Harry's and the audience's complacency. You won't really know if the phone call was real or just a hoax until the end of the film—and I certainly won't give that away here. Actually, whether the nuclear holocaust arrives or not seems secondary to De Jarnatt's portrait of a nice man caught in a horrible predicament. The fine acting; sharp, sometimes inventive editing; and strong direction give this film a haunting, memorable quality.

A few minor problems mar this otherwise outstanding effort. At times the plot comes precariously close to SF/end-of-the-world cliches, and the ending seems a bit contrived. Some nagging questions about the secondary characters—like who Landa really is that she can call senators in the middle of the night—hang around after the closing credits roll. Still, the acting and script more than make up for these flaws. Like Scorsese's black comedy, *After Hours,* or the best episodes of *Twilight Zone, Miracle Mile* leaves you with the disturbing feeling that the frightening things you've just seen are probably going to happen sooner or later. Perhaps even to you.

FADE TO BLACK

1980, 100 Minutes
Media Home Entertainment/American Cinema
Director: Vernon Zimmerman
Starring: Dennis Christopher, Linda Kerridge

****1/2**

Writer/director Zimmerman had a pretty good idea for a revenge-genre horror film. Weak, nerdy Eric (Dennis Christopher) is a film buff. His room is filled with movie posters, stills, and other memorabilia; his head is crammed full of Hollywood trivia. Unsurprisingly, he has trouble with women, including the crippled "aunt" with whom he lives. But Eric's sure that those problems will all fade away when he gets his ideas onto the silver screen. Of course it doesn't work that way.

Even though Eric meets Marilyn (Linda Kerridge), a startling Marilyn Monroe look-alike, he can't seem to get his act together. Like Willard almost a decade before, Eric finally gets fed up and goes on a rampage. He doesn't have trained rats; he has the film stars he loves so well. These Hollywood heroes provide Eric with various personae—Dracula, Hopalong Cassidy, and so on—that he can adopt before murdering someone.

In the hands of a capable director and a better scripter, this plot could have worked. Zimmerman, however, wastes huge amounts of time on pointless scenes and integrates clips from classic films like *Night of the Living Dead* and *The Creature From the Black Lagoon* so poorly that they needlessly break the flow of *Fade to Black.* Worse still, common sense is abandoned as the film goes on, leaving the audience wondering, among other things, where Eric is getting the money for his elaborate

costumes and props.

The most interesting thing about *Fade to Black* is the blame it lays at society's—and Hollywood's—feet for creating a monster like Eric. The film seems to posit that the violent movies he loved, classics like Cagney's *White Heat,* obviously warped his sensitive mind. Quite an odd sentiment for an exploitation/horror film (though some who study the effects of cinematic violence on kids might agree wholeheartedly that Eric never stood a chance).

By the way, rumors abound that a sequel to *Fade to Black* will be in theaters in the near future. Consider yourselves warned.

MOONTRAP

1989, 92 Minutes
SGE
Director: Robert Dyke
Starring: Walter Koenig, Bruce Campbell, Leigh Lombardi

*

I had high hopes for *Moontrap.* Walter Koenig and Bruce Campbell are fair actors, and Campbell in particular has been involved in creative, entertaining films of late (see the next review, for example). Neither of them turn in good performances in this film, but their weak acting is hidden by *Moontrap*'s incredibly bad script and silly premise.

Shuttle pilots Jason Grant (Koenig) and Ray Tanner (Campbell) discover a massive ship floating in orbit around Earth. They never bother to wonder why no one had seen it before. Instead, hothead Grant zips over to the ship and finds a mysterious pod and a desiccated corpse. The ship, they later learn, is from our moon, and the mysterious corpse is human—a fourteen-thousand-year-old human at that.

The pod proves to be a vanguard of a potential alien invasion. It contains a little robot, which foolishly attacks the NASA installation, just begging to be destroyed. At least the pod gives the heroes an excuse to fly to the moon to investigate. There, they discover a whole bunch of these monster robots, an ancient base dug into the side of a crater, and a woman to drag around (Mera, played by Leigh Lombardi). The heroes and the helpless female battle the aliens, and the film ends predictably, with a blatant hook for a sequel.

There are some good special effects scattered throughout *Moontrap,* most notably the robotic aliens themselves. However, the FX for other scenes (like the characters walking on the moon) are pitiably weak. Few original ideas sneak into this tedious plot. None of the main characters are interesting or particularly likable (though Campbell comes closer to this than Koenig). Worse, the presence of the aliens, the moonbase, and even the ancient human astronauts remains completely unexplained. On the other hand, after seeing the movie it's perfectly clear why Leigh Lombardi is in the film at all: she's there to take off her clothes and throw herself at Koenig. Maybe that's why he agreed to work on this dog.

If *Moontrap* is an indication of the type of work Walter Koenig will be doing outside of the *Star Trek* feature film series, he'd better hope Chekov lives forever. At least Bruce Campbell has other work he can proudly list on his resume, films like:

THE EVIL DEAD II: Dead Before Dawn

1987, 85 Minutes
Renaissance Pictures
Director: Sam Raimi
Starring: Bruce Campbell, Sarah Berry, Dan Hicks, Kassie Wesley

****1/2**

Sam Raimi became a hot director last summer with the release of his surprise action-adventure hit, *Darkman.* Those in the know saw Raimi's star on the rise some time ago, and *Evil Dead II* is often the film these folks point to as a clear sign of Raimi's originality.

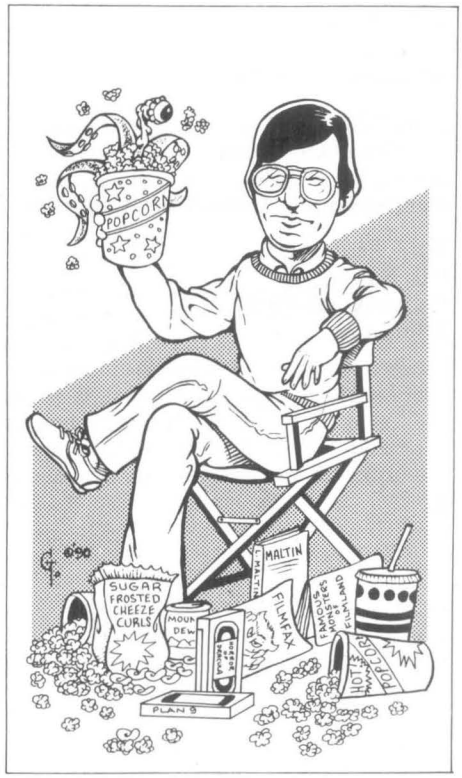
Inventive camera work, wild special effects, gonzo acting, and smart, irreverent direction make this gory comedy/horror film a must-see. Bruce Campbell plays Ashe, the lone survivor of the first *Evil Dead* film. His sometimes stiff delivery works well in this bizarre film (as opposed to *Moontrap*), as he fights against wood spirits, killer trees, and even his own possessed hand.

Ashe, you see, is trapped in an old cabin, out in the middle of nowhere. Not too bad a situation in itself, save that someone in the first film played a taped translation of the *Necronomicon Di Morti*—a tip of the hat to you Lovecraft fans—and released a nasty demon. After killing all of Ashe's friends, the demon possesses him. And now three new victims have arrived, wondering where the original occupants of the cabin went.

Evil Dead II is a gory, surprising roller coaster ride. Eyeballs shoot across rooms (and we see things from their point of view as they fly), severed hands scurry about like mice in the walls, and blood pours by the bucket. The purposefully funny dialogue and exaggerated camera work make it clear that this is more of a Three Stooges short than a horror film. Some people will be offended by *EDII*—for Raimi goes out of his way to shock here—and others will find the slapstick gore simply too silly. Real continuity hounds will wonder why *Evil Dead II* seems so much like a bigger-budgeted remake of the first *Evil Dead* film. Still, taken in the spirit that was intended, this movie is a very entertaining way to pass an evening.

That's it for this time. Feedback is always welcome, and I'm especially interested to hear what you think of the column and the movies reviewed here. I do requests, too, so feel free to let me know if there's a particular video you want to see taken "Into the Dark."

❑



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New York, NY 10021
Online Computer

Jeff Albanese
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Torrance, CA 90501
Convention advice and assistance

The New Rogues Gallery

Continued from page 8

Combat Skills:
Attacks Per Melee: 7
Combat Bonuses: +3 to strike with claws, +5 dodge, +2 to roll with punch/fall
Special Weapons: Claws, 1d6; teeth, 2d6

Background: Manslaughter was the pet of a family who loved and spoiled him very much. His happiness, however, was not long-lived, as the family was killed by thieves, and he was injured, blinded in one eye, and left for dead. Amazingly, Manslaughter survived the incident, tried to fend for himself, and became vicious, as no other humans would approach him.

While he was roaming for food—he always seemed to scavenge poorly—he was poisoned by a giant ant. As Manslaughter lay dying, thinking he would join his absent human family, he was discovered by Andros. Andros retrieved a venom antidote formula from the destroyed research center, injected Manslaughter, and watched as an intelligence grew in Manslaughter's wolfen eyes.

The formula had been radiated, and it caused the wolf to gain vast human knowledge, language skills, and mental powers. Manslaughter was very grateful to Andros, and has stayed by his side ever since. Recently, Andros replaced Manslaughter's blind eye with a glass one.

❑

Radiating Magic

Continued from page 10

less. The plates cannot be used to descend. *XP Value*15,000
Luciano Violante, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Merchant's Cloth: This cloth is made of fine, silvery thread and is often covered with splotches of oil and grime. If *detect magic* is cast on it, the *cloth* radiates strong alteration magic. This cloth is favored by merchants because it increases the apparent value of their goods. If the cloth is brushed over a non-magical item which weighs 25 pounds or less it will improve the appearance of the object, although the value will not truly increase.

The first brush with the cloth removes all heavy soil and dirt; the second removes all fine dust; the third adds luster to the object; and the fourth adds a mirror-brightness. After the fourth pass the object can bring twice its normal value. The fifth pass causes a magical aura to appear on the object. Further brushes with the cloth cause no additional effects. *XP Value* 700
Brian Hensley, Fairborn, Ohio

Pins Of Communication: A pair of two-inch platinum pins in the shape of human ears make up this wondrous item. The magic takes effect when the ears are pinned on two individuals—on clothing or directly on themselves. A wearer will hear in his native language what the other wearer is saying. This effect is similar to a *comprehend languages* spell. The translation works only between the two wearers. These *pins* can be transferred from one person to another as often as wanted. Only verbal communication is translated. The *pins of communication* lose their magic if they are separated beyond 100 feet for more than five minutes.
XP Value 1,000
Stuart Miniman, Morris Plains, NJ

❑

With Great Power

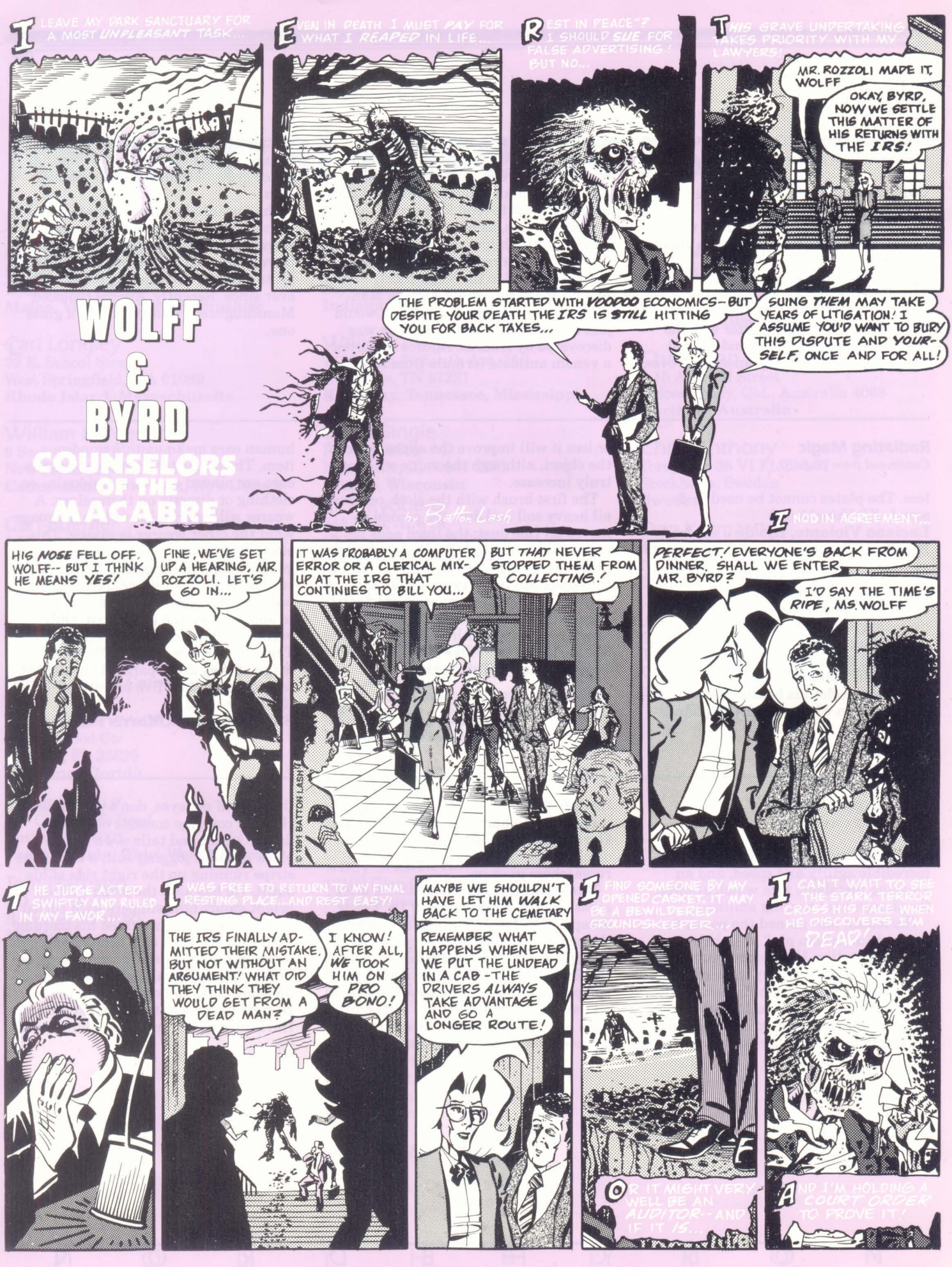
Continued from page 24

strange, metahuman abilities such as incredible agility and speed, and an amazing metabolic rate which allowed for phenomenal healing abilities.

Harlequin also gained the power to generate a "cream pie," with hallucinogenic properties. He seemed immune to his pies' effects, but they induced temporary hallucinations, blindness, and states of severe emotional stress in victims subjected to a "pie in the face." Attempts to analyze the substance of the pies failed, as the pies too quickly dissolved into harmless gasses. Further, Harlequin would not cooperate when discussing his "culinary" talent, so researchers gave up.

Harlequin escaped the institute after eight months with the aid of Dr. Edgar Josephs. Dr. Josephs is now a patient at the same institute, his sanity shattered by constant contact and interviews with the former Mr. Tyson. After a number of rampages across the country, Harlequin was again incarcerated.

He has abandoned the jester's suit for a "more contemporary costume—sets off the color of my eyes, don't you think?" His new costume consists of a white dinner jacket and tails worn over a black spandex jogging suit, a neon blue stripe running up the right side of his outfit. He has kept the jester's shoes, bright gaudy blue slippers with curled toes and bells. He has fixed his costume with gadgets, such as a time release gas bomb in his shoes, sonic stun grenades in the shape of small jingle bells, wind-up bomb cars, and other lethal toys. Despite his penchant for foolishness, Harlequin is a cunning and dangerous foe. ❑


I LEAVE MY DARK SANCTUARY FOR A MOST UNPLEASANT TASK...
EVEN IN DEATH I MUST PAY FOR WHAT I REAPED IN LIFE...
REST IN PEACE"? I SHOULD SUE FOR FALSE ADVERTISING! BUT NO...
THIS GRAVE UNDERTAKING TAKES PRIORITY WITH MY LAWYERS!
MR. ROZZOLI MADE IT, WOLFF
OKAY, BYRD, NOW WE SETTLE THIS MATTER OF HIS RETURNS WITH THE IRS!
WOLFF & BYRD
COUNSELORS OF THE MACABRE
by Batton Lash
THE PROBLEM STARTED WITH VOODOO ECONOMICS--BUT DESPITE YOUR DEATH THE IRS IS STILL HITTING YOU FOR BACK TAXES...
SUING THEM MAY TAKE YEARS OF LITIGATION! I ASSUME YOU'D WANT TO BURY THIS DISPUTE AND YOURSELF, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
I NOD IN AGREEMENT...
HIS NOSE FELL OFF, WOLFF-- BUT I THINK HE MEANS YES!
FINE, WE'VE SET UP A HEARING, MR. ROZZOLI. LET'S GO IN...
IT WAS PROBABLY A COMPUTER ERROR OR A CLERICAL MIX-UP AT THE IRS THAT CONTINUES TO BILL YOU...
BUT THAT NEVER STOPPED THEM FROM COLLECTING!
©1991 BATTON LASH
PERFECT! EVERYONE'S BACK FROM DINNER. SHALL WE ENTER, MR. BYRD?
I'D SAY THE TIME'S RIPE, MS. WOLFF
THE JUDGE ACTED SWIFTLY AND RULED IN MY FAVOR...
I WAS FREE TO RETURN TO MY FINAL RESTING PLACE...AND REST EASY!
THE IRS FINALLY ADMITTED THEIR MISTAKE, BUT NOT WITHOUT AN ARGUMENT! WHAT DID THEY THINK THEY WOULD GET FROM A DEAD MAN?
I KNOW! AFTER ALL, WE TOOK HIM ON PRO BONO!
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM WALK BACK TO THE CEMETARY
REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS WHENEVER WE PUT THE UNDEAD IN A CAB -THE DRIVERS ALWAYS TAKE ADVANTAGE AND GO A LONGER ROUTE!
I FIND SOMEONE BY MY OPENED CASKET. IT MAY BE A BEWILDERED GROUNDSKEEPER...
OR IT MIGHT VERY WELL BE AN AUDITOR--AND IF IT IS...
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE STARK TERROR CROSS HIS FACE WHEN HE DISCOVERS I'M DEAD!
AND I'M HOLDING A COURT ORDER TO PROVE IT!

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NETWORK

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- **The Legacy** Most things you'll encounter in this quest to find a missing gnome are worth a second look, but beware of the unexpected.
- **The Living City** It takes a logical mind to puzzle through this issue's entry.
- **Into The Dark** Introducing a new column dedicated to discovering the best—and worst—of the silver screen.
- **Radiating Magic** The winners of our Magical Contest are revealed.

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Conventions

The Perilous Adventure II, March 16th-17th
Join us at the University of Western Ontario at Lucy's in Sommerville House for a two-round Network AD&D® game tournament, Battletech, Warhammer, Miniatures, and a painting contest. For information write: Western Gamer's Society, RM268 UCC, University of Western Ontario N6A 3K7

Scrycon '91, March 23rd
The Seekers of the Crystal Monolith gaming club will sponsor its 9th annual one day event at the Oakwood School, 515 South Road, Poughkeepsie, New York. Our main event is a Network AD&D game tournament. We also offer alternate games, a painted miniatures contest, and a used game flea market. Pre-registration is $6.00, $8.00 at the door. For information send a SASE to: Scrycon '91, P.O. Box 896, Pleasant Valley, NY 12569.

ConnCon 91, April 6th-7th
This convention will be held at the Danbury Hilton Inn in Danbury, CT. Many first-run RPGA Network events will be held, including Masters and Grand Masters tournaments. There will be role-playing games, miniatures battles, war games, an awards banquet, a Network members' meeting, and more. Jean Rabe, RPGA Network Coordinator, will be joining us again as guest of honor and will once again present a few seminars. Pre-registration will be mailed at the end of January. The pre-registration fee includes three free games and is $15 before March 22nd. After March 22nd the fee is $20 with no free games. Write to: ConnCon, P.O. Box 444, Sherman, CT 06784. To reserve a room at the Hilton, call 203-794-0600 and be sure to mention ConnCon.

Gamathon, 1991, May 24th-26th
The SWA's annual spring charity convention will feature at least one brand new two-round Network benefit tournament. Play role-playing games, board games, and miniatures all weekend long. Also, participate in our fantasy banquet. For information write: Schenectady Wargames Association, P.O. Box 9429, Schenectady, NY 42309

Opticon, May 31st-June 2nd
Held at the University of Akron in Akron, OH, this event will offer a variety of games, including Network events; also an auction, dealers' area, painting contest, art show, and special guests (guest list to be announced). Pre-registration is $15 for the weekend. Dorm rooms are available. For information write: Opticon 91, P.O. Box 4876, Akron, OH 44310, or call 216-972-7713

Glathricon '91, June 21st-23rd
The 8th annual Glathricon gaming convention will be held at the Executive Inn in Evansville, IN. Author Ed Greenwood is guest of honor. Additional guests include artist Alan Clark, DM Don Bingle, and others. Network tournaments include AD&D game Feature, Masters, Grand Masters, Joe Martin Benefit, and many others. Admission at the door is $20. Discounted pre-registration is available. For more information and registration forms write: Evansville Gaming Guild. P.O. Box 15414, Evansville, IN 47716, or call 812-421-1010

Origins '91, July 4th-7th
The 17th annual Origins convention will be held in Baltimore, MD this year. The extensive schedule of game events will include 10 Network tournaments, most of them brand new. For more information write: GEMCO, P.O. Box 609, Randallstown, MD 21133

DOVERCON VII, July 6th-7th
The site for this convention is the Memorial Union Building and the University of New Hampshire in Durham, NH. Events include Network tournaments, a special friday-night game session for DMs and Staffers only, miniatures and art competitions, and many other games. Guests of Honor are Walter Milliken and Steffan O'Sullivan, contributing authors to GURPS supplements. For information write: Dovercon VII, P.O. Box 753, Dover, NH 03820 or call 606-742-3858

GEN CON® 24 Game Fair, August 8th-11th
The world's oldest and largest gaming convention once again will be held at the MECCA convention center in Milwaukee, WI. More than 1,000 games and seminars covering every type of gaming are being planned for this huge event. Network attractions include about three dozen tournaments and seminars, a Wednesday-night member's meeting, Saturday breakfast and Gamers Choice awards ceremony, a costume contest, and an art show. Other events include a huge auction and a miniatures painting competition. For more information or preregistration forms write: GEN CON Game Fair HQ, P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Attention Convention Coordinators:
If you would like to have your convention listed in the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine, send us the information six months in advance. This should allow us to list your convention in at least one issue. Necessary information includes the dates, times, and location of the convention; activities planned, including tournaments, masquerade, dealers room, etc; fees; and where people can write for more information or to preregister.

To aid in listing your convention, Network HQ has convention announcement forms. These are available by writing to us at: P.O. Box 515, Lake Geneva, WI, 53147.

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2047 W Howard
Chicago, IL 60645-2113
President: Lee Maile

Midwest Masters
c/o Tom Prusa
2317 "E" Street
Lincoln, NE 68510
President: Bruce Reinhardt
Meets: Thursdays at 7p.m., some Saturday afternoons, at members' homes.

The Noreasters
c/o Denise Rabidou
67 Appelton St.
Manchester, NH 03104
President: Denise Rabidou
Meets: Various unsuspecting restaurants.

Ogden Gaming Club
c/o Philip Rogich
1155 E 32nd Street #5
Ogden, UT 84403
President: Philip J. Rogich
Meets: The 1st of each month at the Weber County Library.

The Phantasy Guild
c/o Scott Barr
2947 Paddock Plz. #179C
Omaha, NE 68124
President: Scott Barr
Meets: Every day from 6 p.m. to 7 a.m. nationwide through computer networks.

Players Guild of Central Oklahoma
4223 NW 14th Street
Oklahoma City, OK 73107
President: Scott Douglas
Meets: Irregularly at members' homes.

PM Players
P.O. Box 2881
Naperville, IL 60567-2881
President: Jay Tummelson
Meets: Irregularly at members' homes.

Role Players Guild of Kansas City
1820 NE 49th St.
Kansas City, MO 64118-6005
President: R. Alan Grimes
Meets: The 13th of every month at various locales.

Role Players At The Ward
c/o Jon Metcalf
24 Showmont Ln.
Stoneybrook, NY 11790
President: Jon Metcalf
Meets: Mondays after school at Ward Melville High School in Stoneybrook.

S.A.I.G.E.
1024 Sagebrush Way
Louisville, CO 80027
President: Ken Ritchart
Meets: The 2nd and 4th Saturday of every month at the President's home.

Sentergar
106 Mulberry Ct.
Ames, IA 50010
President: Lee Irons

Time Warpers
c/o Art Lobdell
10 Maple Street
Seymour, CT 06483
President: Art Lobdell
Meets: Every other Saturday at various locations.

Travelers Unlimited
39 East School St.
West Springfield, MA 01089
President: Alexander Loss
Meets: Saturdays and Mondays at the Crooked Door Inn in West Springfield.

Tri-State Area Gamers Association
Box 396
La Grange, MO 63448
President: Terry K. Solter
Meets: Saturday Afternoons at the La Grange Public Library.

Unknown Gamers Society
c/o The Paper Escape
318 W 1st St.
Dixon, IL 61021

The Valiant 13th Regiment
35 Vine St.
Randolph, MA 02368
President: John Terra
Meets: Weekly at the President's home.

WARP
5103 S. Sheridan, Suite 123
Tulsa, OK 74145
President: Brett Sprangel
Meets: 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at members' homes.

Wizard's Circle
c/o Brian Miller
1521 S. Prairie Ave.
Waukesha, WI 53186
President: Brian Miller
Meets: Usually four times a week at the president's home, schedules permitting.

Official Network Clubs

Adventurer's Guild of Wright State University
c/o Rich Warren
249 W. Funderburg Rd. Apt 12
Fairborn, OH 45324
President: Rich Warren
Meets: Friday evenings at Wright State University.

Association of Role-playing Gamers of Houston
7829 Cook Road
Houston, TX 77072
President: Steve Bonario
Meets: At local conventions
Notes: Produces a newsletter, ARGHZINE, quarterly.

Atlantic Region Convention Fellowship
c/o Nicky Rea
664 Lakeshore Drive
Asheville, NC 28804
President: Nicky Rea

Alpha Gamma Sigma / Psi Phi Sigma
P.O. Box 585
Young Harris, GA 30582
Meets: Young Harris College.

Capital District Role-Playing Fellowship
c/o SWA
P.O. Box 9429
Schenectady, NY 12309
President: Reynolds Jones
Meets: Saturdays from noon to midnight at the Studio of Bridge and Games in Schenectady.

Castle And Crusade Society II
c/o Tom Wham
P.O. Box 721
Lake Geneva, WI 53147
President: Tom Wham
Meets: One or two weekends a month at the Lake Geneva Public Library.

Circle of Swords
P.O. Box 2126
Butler, PA 16003-2126
President: Dave Schnur
Meets: Second Saturday of each month from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Butler Public Library.
Notes: Sponsors the COSCON convention and co-sponsors other events in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

CLC Gaming Club
c/o Pat Spencer
153B N Milwaukee Ave #219
Lake Villa, IL 60046
President: Mike Cox
Meets: Saturdays at the College of Lake County in Lake Villa
Notes: Formerly the Dungeon Movers.

Damage Inc.
c/o Darryl Behling
2629 S 99th
West Allis, WI 53227
President: Darryl Behling
Meets: Weekends at president's home.

D.R.A.G.O.N.S.
P.O. Box 357
Pocasset, MA 02559
Meets: Cape Cod Community College.

Dragonslayers Unlimited
3709 Pecan Ct
Waldorf, MD 20602
President: William Brierton
Meets: By mail.
Notes: Conducts play-by-mail role-playing games.

Evansville Gaming Guild
P.O. Box 15414
Evansville, IN 47716
President: Bill Bartley
Meets: Wednesdays from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. at Mr. Gatti's Pizza in Evansville.
Notes: Sponsors the Glathricon game convention, does charity events for the American Cancer Society, Muscular Dystrophy Association, and others.

Far Flung Gamers
c/o Steve Null
973 Sherman Oaks Drive
San Jose, CA 95128
President: Steve Null
Meets: At conventions.
Notes: Members are well scattered throughout the U.S.

Fellowship of the Tower
c/o Steve Morrow
310 Douglas Hall NWMSU
Maryville, MO 64468
President: Steve Morrow
Meets: Northwest Missouri State University.
Notes: Sponsors Ville Con game convention.

The Fun Connection
c/o Andreas Mitterlechner
Meiselstr. 24/16 1150 Vienna
Austria
President: Andreas Mitterlechner
Meets: Saturdays at 3 p.m. at the President's home.
Notes: Sponsors Austrian Gamers Meeting game convention.

Guild of the Dragon Masters
P.O. Box 211
Junction City, CA 96048
President: Bo Kallish-Hill
Meets: Once a month at various locations.

The Hand of Chaos
c/o Doug Raas
68 Selye Terrace
Rochester, NY 14613
President: Doug Raas
Meets: Once monthly at members' homes.

ITL Gamers Guild
3224 SE Chestnut
Milwaukie, OR 97267
President: Lance C. Kirk
Meets: Weekly at the club address.

Lehigh University Gaming Club
c/o Brett King
Box 286 Lehigh University
Bethlehem, PA 18015
President: Brett G. King
Meets: Monthly at the University Center at Lehigh University.

MACE
3120 Maple Dr.
Highland, IN 46322
President: Randall W. Lemon

MAGE
c/o Thomas C. Harrison
127 S. Williams Street
Bellevue, MI 49021
President: Thomas C. Harrison
Meets: Saturday evenings at members' homes.